THE MERRILL READERS

SIXTH READER

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THE MERRILL READERS

SIXTH READER

BY

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PREFACE

It is the purpose of this Sixth Reader to provide, for both oral and silent reading, an abundance of matter that is of fine literary quality and at the same time is fresh and well adapted to the pupils' powers of understanding and appreciation.

Children at eleven and twelve years of age are voracious readers. It is the testimony of librarians that their appetite for books at this period is as great as at any age of life. It is highly important that parents, teachers, and librarians should recognize this fact and take care to guide the interest of children in wholesome channels. It is the business of the schools to teach them to read not only intelligently but discriminatingly, and to develop a taste for those things that are worth while.

In the supplementary reading connected with geography and history, children will acquire a taste for informational reading; this should be balanced by the frequent use of literary selections that appeal to the sentiments and the imagination and lead step by step into an appreciation of the masters of prose and poetry. In this Sixth Reader there are selections of considerable length, interspersed with numerous short selections which form complete wholes that young minds can grasp without fatigue.

The longer selections have been chosen with special care, as it is fatal at this age to expect prolonged attention even to masterpieces, unless they have those qualities of action, humor, and adventure that naturally excite and hold the interest of children. Whenever it has seemed advisable to abridge the longer selections, the spirit and the language of the author have been carefully preserved. The story of Ulysses, of Roland, of Wolfert the gold hunter, of Faggus and his horse, of Richard and Saladin, of the boyhood of Franklin, exquisitely told by Lamb, Irving, Scott, and other true artists, will read themselves into the hearts of the children. Much of the oral reading period may well be spent in talking about these stories.

The shorter selections, on the other hand, should be read aloud with due attention to voice training and the graces of pleasant speech. Children at this age are prone to careless and inaccurate enunciation. Clear, distinct, unfailing utterance of the initial and final consonants of words should be insisted on. In every lesson in oral reading, at least one sentence should be read for precision in articulation. It would be well to keep on the blackboard a list of common expressions that are slurred over in conversation. Frequent practice with these sentences will help to carry over into conversation the results of the work in clear articulation in the reading lessons.

The SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY at the back of the book are designed to give such information as a thoughtful young reader would wish to have about the author or the subject. The questions call attention to the main ideas, and should be answered readily by the children after a careful reading of the text. In every lesson in reading the children should get the main idea and should express it in distinct and pleasant speech. In this grade also their taste should be developed by attention to the beauties of expression and sentiment in the selections that are read. In the SUGGESTIONS frequent references are made to felicitous phrases and graces of style. Not only these phrases but many others should have attention, as there is no other method so effective in enlarging the vocabulary, enriching the mental imagery, and developing the taste of children.

Acknowledgment of permission to use selections in this book is due to Mrs. Stockard for the poem "The Hero"; to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for James Whitcomb Riley's "The Brook Song"; to Small, Maynard and Company for Joel Chandler Harris's "The Humors of the Blue Jay"; to G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and London for selections from Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History* and *Tales of a Traveller.* The selections from James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, and John Greenleaf Whittier are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of their works.

F. B. DYER
M. J. BRADY

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SIXTH READER

ABDALLAH, SON OF THE DESERT

I

Have you seen the war horse pawing the earth and snuffing the wind at the sound of the trumpet? Such was Abdallah, true son of the desert. At the age of ten he could read in the stars the hour of the night, and the shadows told him the time of the day. He knew the pedigree, name, surname, coat, and brand of all the horses. No one knew better how to make the camels kneel; no one chanted to them in a more melodious voice those sweet songs which shorten their way and make them quicken their pace. Halima, his mother, looked upon him with tears of joy, happy to see that her child would some day be the honor of his people and the delight of his tribe.

The child of the desert was beautiful indeed in his long blue robe, confined at the waist by a leather thong passed half a score of times around his body. His thick brown hair shaded his face and fell in curls from under his hood. When he returned from the pasture, carrying the young lambs in the skirt of his robe, while the sheep

followed him bleating and rubbing their heads against his hand, the shepherds stopped to see him pass. At evening when he raised the stone from the common well and watered the flocks, the women forgot to fill their pitchers and cried, "He is as handsome as his father!" "And he will also be as brave," responded the men.

When the noontide heat confined them within the tent, his uncle Hafiz told him stories of his people, the brave tribe of Bedouins. Hafiz himself had been a brave fighter, but he was now a crippled old shepherd.

"We are the kings of the desert," he said. "Our turbans are our diadems, our tents are our palaces, and God's own word is our law. Your father fell like a martyr on the field of battle. Among your ancestors, for one who has breathed his last under a tent, three have fallen in the desert, their lance in hand."

As he grew older, Abdallah adopted his father's calling and guided the caravans between Yambo, Medina, and Mecca. As ardent as the young horse that flings his mane to the wind, and as prudent as a graybeard, he gained the confidence of the principal merchants and, despite his youth, was recommended to the pilgrims coming from all parts of the world. These journeys were not without peril. More than once, Abdallah risked his life to protect those under his keeping, but he fought so well that all on his route began to respect and fear him.

The aged Hafiz never quitted his pupil; crippled as he was, he always found means to be useful. Wherever

there are men, there are always stout arms and resolute hearts, but not always a faithful friend and wise counselor.

One day, while Abdallah was resting in his tent, a stranger entered the inclosure to ask hospitality. He was a little old man, dressed in rags, so thin that his girdle seemed to cut him in two. Leaning on a staff, he slowly dragged his feet along, and from time to time he raised his head and looked around as if to implore pity. He perceived Abdallah and stretched out his trembling hand to him, murmuring in a weak voice, "Oh, master of the tent, behold a guest of God!"

Abdallah at once led the stranger into the tent; a moment afterwards he was washing his feet and hands and binding up his wounds, while Halima brought dates and milk.

"I bless thee, my son," said the old man, in tears. "The blessing of the meanest of mankind is never contemptible in the sight of the Lord. May God remove far from thee jealousy, sadness, and pride, and grant thee wisdom, patience, and peace, the gifts that he has promised to the generous of heart like thee."

The next morning, when the guest made ready to depart, Abdallah urged him to stay longer. "No, my son," said the stranger, "one night in thy tent is enough."

Abdallah then begged him to mount a camel and permit his new friends to accompany him a day's journey on his way, and to this the old man consented.

"If I am not mistaken," he said to Hafiz, "we shall find on our way the well dug in olden times by the Caliph Zo bey′ de in his pilgrimage to Mecca."

"Yes," replied the cripple, "it is his monument in our country. To him we owe our finest gardens."

"A glorious monument," exclaimed the stranger, "and one that will endure when what men call glory — that is, blood uselessly shed and money foolishly spent — shall be forgotten."

"A Bedouin reasons in a different fashion," rejoined Hafiz. "He who has not looked death in the face knows not whether he is a man. It is noble to strike with the front to the foe. Are you not of the same mind, my nephew?"

"You are right, my uncle; but battle is not pleasure without alloy. I remember the time when, closely pressed by a Bedouin, who held a pistol to my head, I plunged my sword into his breast. He fell; my joy was extreme, but it was of short duration. As I looked on his dim eyes and his lips covered with the foam of death, I thought of his mother who must thenceforth remain lonely and desolate, as my mother would have been if her son had been killed instead. To fight the desert, like the caliph, and force the wilderness to give way before fertility and abundance — this is great indeed! Happy they who lived in the days of Zobeyde the Good."

"Why not imitate those whom you admire?" asked the old man.

"I do not understand you," replied Abdallah.

"Nor I either," said the cripple.

"It is because the eyes of youth are not yet open, and those of old age are blinded by habit. Why are these bushes growing in this spot when all is barren around it? Why do these sheep browse on grass which is almost green here when the sands of the desert have dominion everywhere else? Why do these birds flutter in and out among the sheep, and pick up the sprouting earth with their beaks? You see this daily, and because you see it daily you do not reflect on it. Men are made thus; they would admire the sun if it did not return every morning."

"You are right," said Abdallah thoughtfully: "there is water in this spot; perhaps one of the wells formerly dug by the caliph."

"Whoever finds this spring will find a treasure," said the shepherd. "Stay with us, stranger, and we will seek it together. You shall aid us with your science, and we will share with you."

"No," replied the stranger. "I must go my way."

The sun was now going down on the horizon. The old man dismounted from the camel and thanked his two companions, insisting that they should go no farther. "Be not concerned about me," he said; "he has nothing to fear who has poverty for his baggage, old age for his escort, and God for his companion." And waving his hand, he resolutely plunged into the desert.

II

It was not a difficult matter to purchase the spot of ground where the piercing eye of the stranger had divined a spring; a few acres of half-barren sand are of little value in the desert. Hafiz, who was always prudent, gave out that he intended to build there a shelter for his flock, and immediately set to work to bring boughs to conceal from all eyes the mysterious work about to be undertaken.

It was soon a common rumor among the tribe that Hafiz and his nephew passed the days in digging for treasure; and when at nightfall, as the shepherds led their flocks to water, they spied the two friends covered with sand, they did not spare their taunts and jeers. "What is that?" they asked; "jackals hiding in their den, dervishes hollowing out their cell, or old men building their tomb?"

For more than a month Abdallah and his uncle continued to dig with ardor, but with little progress; the sand caved in, and the night destroyed the labor of the day. Halima was the first to lose patience. She accused her brother of having yielded too easily to the folly of a child. By degrees Hafiz grew discouraged, acknowledged the justice of his sister's reproaches, and abandoned the undertaking.

Abdallah, left alone, did not suffer himself to be cast down by misfortune. "God is my witness," he repeated,

"that I am laboring for my people, and not for myself alone. If I fail, what matters my pains? If I succeed, what matters the time?"

He passed another whole month in propping up the inside of the well with wood and, having made the walls secure, began to dig anew.

On the fifteenth day of the third month, Hafiz determined to make a last effort with that headstrong nephew, who continued to cherish his foolish hope. To preach to Abdallah was not an easy task; the well was already thirty cubits deep, and the workman was at the bottom. Hafiz threw himself on the ground, and putting his mouth to the edge of the hole, shouted, "You headstrong child, more stubborn than a mule, have you sworn to bury yourself in this well?"

"Since you are there, uncle," answered Abdallah, in a voice which seemed to come from a bottomless pit, "will you be kind enough to draw up the basket and empty it, to save time?"

"Unhappy boy," cried Hafiz, "have you forgotten the lessons which I gave you in your childhood? Have you so little respect for your mother and me that you persist in afflicting us? Do you think —"

"Uncle! Uncle!" cried Abdallah, "I feel moisture. The water is coming; I hear it. Help! draw up the basket, or I am lost."

Hafiz sprang to the rope, and well it was that he did so. Despite all his haste, he brought up his nephew

covered with mud, senseless, and half drowned. The water was rushing and boiling up in the well.

Abdallah soon came to himself, and listened with delight to the rushing of the water. His heart beat violently, and Hafiz's eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly the noise ceased. Hafiz lighted a handful of dry grass and threw it into the well, and less than ten cubits from the surface he saw the water, smooth and glittering as steel. To lower a jug and draw it up again was the work of an instant. The water was sweet. Abdallah fell on his knees and bowed his head to the earth. His uncle followed his example, then rose, embraced his nephew, and entreated his pardon.

Within an hour, the two Bedouins had fixed, by the side of the well, a windlass furnished with buckets and turned by two oxen, and the groaning water-wheel poured the water upon the yellow grass and restored to the earth the freshness of spring.

At nightfall, instead of going to the watering-place, the shepherds stopped with their flocks at the well, and the scoffers of the night before glorified Abdallah. "We foresaw it," said the elders. "Happy the mother of such a son!" exclaimed the matrons. And all added, "Blessed be the servant of God and his children's children!"

Abdallah's garden in a few years was the most beautiful spot imaginable — a shady and peaceful retreat, the delight of the eye and the heart. The cool water, flow-

ing through numerous trenches, bathed the roots of the young orange trees. Grapes, bananas, apricots, and pomegranates abounded in their season, and flowers blossomed all the year round.

What thicket escapes the piercing eye of the bird? These friends of the fruits and flowers hastened thither from every quarter of the horizon. One would have said that they knew the hand that fed them. In the morning, when Abdallah quitted his tent, the sparrows welcomed him with joyful cries, the bees alighted on his head, and the butterflies fluttered around him. Flowers, birds, humming insects, and murmuring waters, all things living seemed to render him thanks.

It was not for himself that Abdallah had desired the wealth which he shared with his friends. At the bottom of the garden he dug a deep basin, into which the water flowed and remained cool during the summer. There all might come, to fill their jars and to water their flocks.

"What water is that?" said the camel drivers. "During all the years that we have traveled over the desert, we have never seen this cistern. Have we mistaken our road? We filled our skins for seven days, and here we find water on the third day's march."

"What you behold," answered Halima, "is the work of labor and prayer. God has blessed my son Abdallah."

And the well was called the Well of the Benediction.

AN ARABIAN TALE

THE HERO

To be a hero must you do some deed
With which your name shall ring the world around?
With blade uplifted must you dare to lead
Where armies reel on slopes with lightning crowned?

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,
And chart the Arctic's silent realms and gray?
Or drag your barge through virgin streams in pales
Of undiscovered lands? I tell you, Nay!

Who is earth's greatest hero? He that bears,
Deep buried in his kingly heart, his lot
Of suffering; and, if need be, he that dares
Lay down his life for right, and falters not!

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight.

There is no American boy, however poor, however humble, who, if he has a clear head, a true heart, a strong arm, may not rise through all the grades of society and become the crown, the glory, the pillar of the State.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

DON QUIXOTE

I

An Introduction to that Famous Gentleman, Don Quix'ote of the Mancha

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village in a province of Spain, called the Mancha, a gentleman named Quixada, whose house was full of old lances, halberds, and such other armors and weapons. He was, besides, the owner of an ancient target or shield, a raw-boned steed, and a swift greyhound.

He was about fifty years old, a strong, hard-featured man with a withered face. He was an early riser, and had once been very fond of hunting. But now for a great portion of the year he applied himself wholly to reading the old books of knighthood, and this with such keen delight that he forgot all about the pleasures of the chase and neglected all household matters. His madness and folly grew to such a pitch that he sold many acres of his lands to buy books of the exploits and adventures of the knights of old. So eagerly did he plunge into the reading of these books that he many times spent whole days and nights poring over them; and in the end, through little sleep and much reading, his brain became tired and he fairly lost his wits.

Finally he was seized with one of the strangest whims that ever madman stumbled on in this world. It seemed

to him right and necessary that he himself should become a knight errant, and ride through the world to seek adventures and to practice in person all that he had read about the knights of old. Therefore he resolved that he would make a name for himself by avenging the injuries of others, and by courting all manner of dangers and difficulties, until in the end he should be rewarded for his valor in arms by the crown of some mighty empire.

First of all he caused certain old rusty arms that belonged to his great-grandfather to be brought out and well scoured.

He next considered his horse, which, though having nothing but skin and bone, yet seemed to him a better steed than Bucephalus, the noble animal that carried Alexander the Great when he went to battle. He spent four days inventing a name for his horse, saying to himself that it was not fit that so famous a knight's horse, and so good a beast, should want a name. Seeing that his lord and master was going to change his calling, it was only right that the horse should have a new name, famous and high-sounding, and worthy of his new position in life. After having chosen, made up, and put aside any number of names as not coming up to his idea, he finally hit upon Rozinan'te, a name in his opinion sublime and well sounding, expressing in a word what the animal had been when he was a simple carriage horse, and what was expected of him in his new dignity.

Having thus given a suitable name to his horse, he made up his mind to give himself a name also, and in that thought he labored another eight days. Finally he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Then remembering that the great knights of olden time were not satisfied with a mere dry name, but added to it the name of their kingdom or country, he added to his own that also of his province, and called himself Don Quixote of the Mancha, whereby he declared his birthplace and did honor to his country by taking it for his surname.

By fair words and promises he persuaded a certain laborer, his neighbor, an honest man but one of very shallow wit, to go away with him and serve him as squire. Don Quixote, among other things, told the poor fellow that he ought to be very much pleased to depart with him, for at some time or other an adventure might befall which should in the twinkling of an eye win him an island and leave him governor thereof. On the faith of these and other like promises, Sancho Panza (for so he was called) forsook his wife and children and took service as squire to his neighbor.

Don Quixote then set about to provide himself with money. This he did by selling one thing and pawning another, making bad bargains all around. At last he got a pretty sum, and having patched up his armor as best he could, he told Sancho Panza the day and hour on which he meant to start. He also charged him to provide himself with a wallet, which Sancho promised

to do, and the squire added that he meant to take a very good donkey named Dapple along with him because he was not used to travel much afoot.

In the matter of the donkey, Don Quixote hesitated a little, calling to mind whether he had read that any knight errant was ever attended by a squire mounted on a donkey, but no such case occurred to his memory. Nevertheless he decided that the donkey should be taken, with the intention of providing his squire with a more dignified mount, when he had a chance, by unhorsing the first discourteous knight he met.

All this being arranged, Sancho Panza, without bidding his wife and children farewell, and Don Quixote, without saying good-by to his housekeeper and niece, sallied forth from the village one night, unnoticed by any person living. They traveled so far that night that at daybreak they were safe against discovery, even if they were pursued.

II

Of the Dreadful and Never-to-be-imagined Adventure of the Windmills

Whilst they were journeying along, Sancho Panza said to his master, "I pray you have good care, Sir Knight, that you forget not the government of the island which you have promised me, for I shall be able to govern it, be it ever so great."

And Don Quixote replied, "Thou must understand, friend Sancho, that it was the custom very much used by ancient knights errant, to make their squires the governors of the islands and kingdoms they conquered, and I am resolved that so good a custom shall be kept up by me. And if thou livest and I live, it may well be that I might conquer a kingdom within six days, and crown thee king of it."

"By the same token," said Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, then should Joan my wife become a queen and my children princes?"

"Who doubts of that?" said Don Quixote.

"That do I," replied Sancho Panza, "for I am fully persuaded that though it rained kingdoms down upon the earth, none of them would sit well on my wife Joan. She is not worth a farthing for a queen. She might scrape through as a countess, but I have my doubts of that."

As they were talking, they caught sight of some thirty or forty windmills on a plain. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire, "Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could desire. For behold, friend Sancho, how there appear thirty or forty monstrous giants with whom I mean to do battle, and take all their lives. With their spoils we will begin to be rich, for this is fair war, and it is doing great service to clear away these evil fellows from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho amazed.

"Those thou seest there," replied his master, "with the long arms."

"Take care, sir," cried Sancho, "for those we see yonder are not giants but windmills, and those things which seem to be arms are their sails, which being whirled around by the wind make the mill go."

"It is clear," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not yet experienced in the matter of adventures. They are giants, and if thou art afraid, get thee away home, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them."

So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without heeding the cries by which Sancho Panza warned him that he was going to encounter not giants but windmills. He would neither listen to Sancho's outcries, nor mark what he said, but shouted to the windmills in a loud voice, "Fly not, cowards and vile creatures, for it is only one knight that assaults you!"

A slight breeze having sprung up at this moment, the great sail-arms began to move. On seeing this, Don Quixote shouted out again, "Although you should wield more arms than had the Giant Briareus, I shall make you pay for your insolence!"

Covering himself with his buckler and setting his lance in rest, he charged at Rozinante's best gallop and attacked the first mill before him. As he thrust his lance through the sail, the wind turned it with such violence that it broke his weapon into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it; and having whirled them

From the Painting by Smirke

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE

around, finally tumbled the knight a good way off and rolled him over the plain sorely damaged.

Sancho Panza hastened to help him as fast as his donkey could go. When he came up, he found the knight unable to stir, such a shock had Rozinante given him in the fall.

"Bless me," said Sancho, "did I not tell you that you should look well what you did, for they were none other than windmills, nor could any think otherwise unless he had windmills in his brains?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for the things of war are constantly changing. I think this must be the work of some evil spirit who hath changed these giants into windmills to take from me the glory of the victory. But in the end his evil arts shall avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"May it prove so," said Sancho, as he helped his master to rise and remount Rozinante, who, poor steed, was himself much bruised by the fall.

III

Of the Adventure of the Two Armies

Whilst they were riding on their way, Don Quixote saw a large, dense cloud of dust rolling toward them, and turning to Sancho, said, "This is the day on which shall be shown the might of my arm and on which I am to do deeds which shall be written in the books of fame. Dost

thou see the dust which arises there? Know, then, that it is caused by a mighty army composed of various and numberless nations that are marching this way."

"If that be so," replied Sancho, "then must there be two armies, for on this other side there is as great a dust."

Don Quixote turned around to behold it, and seeing that it was so, he was marvelously glad, for he imagined that there were indeed two armies coming to fight each other in the midst of that spacious plain. For at every hour and moment his fancy was full of battles, enchantments, and adventures, such as are related in the books of knighthood, and all his thoughts and wishes were turned toward such things.

As for the clouds he had seen, they were raised by two large flocks of sheep which were being driven along the same road from two opposite sides, and by reason of the dust could not be seen until they came near.

Don Quixote was so much in earnest when he called them armies that Sancho at once believed it, asking, "What, then, shall we do, good master?"

"What!" cried Don Quixote. "Why, favor and help those who are in distress and need. Thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes on our front is led by the mighty Emperor Al i fam′fa ron, Lord of the great Island of Trap o ba′na. This other which is marching at our back is the army of his foe, the King of the Gar a man′ tes, Pen ta′po lin of the Naked Arm, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare."

"But why do these two princes hate each other so much?" asked Sancho.

"They are enemies," replied Don Quixote, "because Alifamfaron is a furious pagan and is deeply in love with Pentapolin's daughter, who is a beautiful and gracious princess and a Christian. Her father refuses to give her to the pagan king until he abandons Mohammed's religion and becomes a convert to his own."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin does right well, and I will help him all I can."

"Then thou wilt but do thy duty," said Don Quixote, "for it is not necessary to be a dubbed knight to engage in battles such as these."

"Right!" replied Sancho; "but where shall we stow this donkey that we may be sure of finding him after the fight is over, for I think it is not the custom to enter into battle mounted on such a beast."

"That is true," said Don Quixote, "but thou mayest safely leave it to chance whether he be lost or found, for after this battle we shall have so many horses that even Rozinante runs a risk of being changed for another. And now let us withdraw to that hillock yonder that we may get a better view of both those great armies."

They did so, and standing on the top of a hill, gazed at the two great clouds of dust which the imagination of Don Quixote had turned into armies. And then Don Quixote, with all the eloquence he could muster, described to Sancho the names of the different knights in

the two armies, with their colors and devices and mottoes, and the number of their squadrons, and the countries and provinces from which they came.

But though Sancho stood and listened in wonder, he could see nothing as yet of knights or armies, and at last he cried out, "Where are all these grand knights, good my master? For myself, I can see none of them. But perhaps it is all enchantment, as so many things have been."

"How! Sayest thou so?" said Don Quixote. "Dost thou not hear the horses neigh and the trumpets sound and the noise of the drums?"

"I hear nothing else," said Sancho, "but the great bleating of sheep."

So it was, indeed, for by this time the two flocks were approaching very near to them.

"The fear thou art in," said Don Quixote, "permits thee neither to see nor to hear aright, for one of the effects of fear is to disturb the senses and make things seem different from what they are. If thou art afraid, stand to one side and leave me to myself, for I alone can give the victory to the side which I assist."

So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in rest, rode down the hillside like a thunderbolt.

Sancho shouted after him as loudly as he could, "Return, good Sir Don Quixote! Return! For verily all those you go to charge are but sheep and muttons. Return,

I say! Alas that ever I was born! What madness is this? Look, there are neither knights, nor arms, nor shields, nor soldiers, nor emperors, but only sheep. What is it you do, wretch that I am?"

For all this, Don Quixote did not turn back, but rode on, shouting in a loud voice, "So ho! knights! Ye that serve and fight under the banner of Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me, all of you. Ye shall see how easily I will avenge him on his enemy Alifamfaron of Trapobana!"

With these words he dashed into the midst of the flock of sheep, and began to spear them with as much courage and fury as if he were fighting his mortal enemies.

The shepherds that came with the flock cried to him to leave off, but seeing their words had no effect, they unloosed their slings and began to pelt him with stones as big as one's fist.

Don Quixote made no account of their stones, and galloping to and fro everywhere, cried out, "Where art thou, proud Alifamfaron? Where art thou? Come to me, for I am but one knight alone, who desires to prove my strength with thee, man to man, and make thee yield thy life for the wrong thou hast done to the valorous Pentapolin."

At that instant a stone gave him such a blow that it buried two of his ribs in his body. Finding himself so ill-treated, he thought for certain that he was killed or sorely wounded, and recollecting his balsam, he drew

out his oil pot and set it to his mouth to drink. But before he could take as much as he wanted, another stone struck him full on the hand, broke the oil pot into pieces, and carried away with it three or four teeth and grinders out of his mouth, and sorely crushed two fingers of his hand. So badly was he wounded by these two blows that he fell off his horse to the ground.

The shepherds ran up, and believing that they had killed him, collected their flock in great haste; and carrying off their dead muttons, of which there were seven, they went away without caring to inquire into things any further.

Sancho was all this time standing on the hill looking at the mad pranks his master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour when they had first met. Seeing, however, that he was fallen on the ground and the shepherds had gone away, he came down the hill and went up to his master and found him in a very bad way, although not quite insensible.

"Did I not tell you, Sir Don Quixote," said Sancho mournfully, "did I not tell you to come back, for those you went to attack were not armies but sheep?"

"That thief of an enchanter, my enemy, can alter things and make men vanish away as he pleases," replied his master. "Know, Sancho, that this malicious being who persecutes me, envious of the glory that I was to reap from this battle, hath changed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep." Then, seeing his squire look

so miserable, he added, "Learn, Sancho, not to be so easily downcast, for these storms that befall us are signs that the weather will soon be fair. Lend me here thy hand and see how many teeth and grinders are lacking on this right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain."

Sancho put his fingers in and, feeling about, asked, "How many grinders did your worship have before, on this side?"

"Four," replied Don Quixote, "besides the wisdom tooth, all whole and sound."

"Mind well what you say, sir," answered Sancho.

"Four, say I, if not five," said Don Quixote, "for in all my life I never had tooth or grinder drawn from my mouth, nor has any fallen out or been destroyed by decay."

"Well, then, in this lower part," said Sancho, "your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper, neither a half nor any, for all is as smooth as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate I!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "for I would rather they had deprived me of my arm, as long as it were not my sword arm. Know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a grindstone, and a tooth is more to be prized than a millstone. But all this must we suffer who profess the stern rule of knights errant."

"Methinks, my master," said Sancho, "that all the mishaps that have befallen us in these days are without

doubt in punishment for the sin you committed against the rules of knighthood, in not keeping your vow which you made, not to eat bread, and all the other things you vowed to do."

"Thou art very right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but to tell the truth, it had passed from my memory. I will make amends, as may be done by the rules of knighthood."

"And doubtless," replied Sancho, "all will then be well, and I shall live to see none so great as Don Quixote of the Mancha, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"Why do you give me that name, good Sancho?" asked his master.

"Because truly," replied his squire, "your worship has now the most ill-favored face that any man ever saw, and it must be, I think, because you are tired out after the battle, or on account of the loss of your grinders."

"I fancy," said Don Quixote, "that some sage must have put it into thy head to give me such a name, for now I remember that all knights took a name of that kind, and there was The Knight of the Flaming Sword, and The Knight of the Griffin, and many another. And from this day forward I shall call myself by no other name than 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance'; and that the name may become me better, I will upon the first occasion cause to be painted on my shield a most ill-favored and sorrowful face."

"There is no need," said Sancho, "to waste time and

money in having the countenance painted. All that has to be done is that your worship should show your face to those that look at you, when without doubt they will name you 'He of the Rueful Countenance.' Hunger and the loss of teeth have given your worship so evil a face that you may spare yourself the painting."

Don Quixote laughed at his squire's pleasantry, but determined nevertheless to have the painting made on his shield according to his fancy.

IV

How Sancho Panza Took Possession of his Island

In the course of their adventures, Don Quixote and his squire came upon the hunting party of a certain duke who had large possessions. The duke and the duchess were so amused with Sancho that they wished to satisfy his desire to be the governor of an island. They provided a company of servants for him and sent him to a place which they pretended was an island.

Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants. His people gave him to understand that it was called the island of Barataria.

On his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the municipal officers came out to receive him. The bells were rung, and with all the demonstrations of joy and a great deal of pomp, the people conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently

afterward, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented to him the keys of the town and made him perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness, and the shortness of the new governor surprised all that were not in the secret, — and, indeed, those that were, who were not few.

As soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice and placed him in the chair. The duke's steward then said to him, "It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat difficult. By his answer the people are able to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and accordingly are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite his chair, and being unable to read, he asked what that writing was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written on what day your honor took possession of this island. The inscription runs thus: 'This day, such a day of the month and year, Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island. Long may he enjoy it.'"

"Pray who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?" demanded Sancho.

"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island."

"Take notice, then, brother," returned Sancho, "that the *Don* does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza. My father was a Sancho, and my grandfather was a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of *Dons,* or any other title whatever. I fancy there are more Dons than stones in this island. Perhaps, if my government lasts four days, I may weed out these Dons that overrun the country and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as mosquitoes and cousins. On with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry or rejoice."

About this time two men came into court, the one clad like a country fellow and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. The tailor said, " My lord governor, this honest man came yesterday to my shop, and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me, 'Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap?' I, measuring the piece, answered yes. Now he, thinking that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery and upon the common ill opinion of tailors, bade me view it again and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. Persisting in his knavish intentions, my customer went on increasing the number of caps, and I still saying yes, till we came to five caps. A little time ago he came to claim them. I offered them to him, but he refused to pay me for the making, and

insists I shall either return him his cloth or pay him for it."

"Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho.

"Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made for me."

"With all my heart," answered the tailor; and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left. I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade."

All present laughed at the number of the caps and the novelty of the suit.

Sancho reflected a moment and then said, "I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very justly offhand. Therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be given to the poor; and there is an end of that."

This sentence excited the laughter of all the bystanders. However, what the governor commanded was executed.

Two old men next presented themselves before him. One of them carried a cane in his hand for a staff. The other, who had no staff, said to Sancho: "My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold to oblige and serve him, upon condition that he should return them on demand. I let some time pass without asking for

them. But at length, thinking it full time to be repaid, I asked him for my money more than once, but to no purpose. He not only refuses payment, but denies the debt and says I never lent him any such sum, or, if I did, that he has already paid me. I have no witnesses to the loan, nor has he of the payment which he pretends to have made, but which I deny. Yet if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this minute acquit him before God and the world."

"What say you to this, old gentleman?" quoth Sancho.

"I confess, my lord," replied the old fellow, "that he did lend me the money, and I will swear I have really and truly returned it to him."

The old fellow, seeming encumbered with his staff, gave it to his creditor to hold while he was swearing; and then said it was true, indeed, that the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had restored them to him.

Upon this, his lordship the governor demanded of the creditor what he had to say in reply to the solemn declaration he had heard. He said that he could not doubt that the debtor had sworn the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man; and that, as the fault must have been in his own memory, he would thenceforward ask no more for his money. The debtor now took his staff again, and bowing to the governor, went out of court.

Sancho, having observed the defendant take his staff and walk away, began to meditate, and laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, he continued

a short time apparently full of thought. Then raising his head, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

When he was returned, Sancho said, "Honest friend, give me that staff, for I have occasion for it."

"With all my heart," answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand.

Sancho took it, and immediately giving it to the other man, he said, "There, take that, and go about your business, for you are now paid."

"I paid, my lord!" answered the man. "What! Is this cane worth ten golden crowns?"

"Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world, — and it shall now appear whether or not I have a head to govern a whole kingdom."

He then ordered the cane to be broken in court; which being done, ten crowns of gold were found within it. All the spectators were struck with admiration and asked him how he had discovered that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed the defendant give it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath that he had truly restored the money into the man's hands, it came into his head that the money in dispute must be inclosed within the cane.

All were full of admiration at the acuteness and wisdom of their new governor and began to look upon him as a second Solomon.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

THE BROOK SONG

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me;
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook — laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

Alnaschar was a very idle fellow who never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. His father, dying, left him the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet and leaned his back against the wall, in expectation of customers.

As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a musing train of thought and was overheard by one of his neighbors as he talked to himself in the following manner:

"This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail.

"These two hundred drachmas will in a little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glass-man and turn jeweller.

"I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have brought together as much

wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with land, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I shall not, however, stop there, but shall still continue my traffic till I have brought together a hundred thousand drachmas.

"When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince and demand the Grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having acquainted him with the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage.

"As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I will make my father-in-law a visit with a great train of followers; and when I am placed at his right hand — which he will do, of course, if it be only to honor his daughter — I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him. Afterwards, to his great surprise, I will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech, as, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.'

"When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to teach her a due respect for me. To this end, I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her.

Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to let her sit down by me; but I shall turn my back upon her.

"Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet and beg of me to receive her into my favor. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner that she will fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this fanci[illegible] dream and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

JOSEPH ADDISON

ROLAND OF RONCESVALLES

I

The Message of Marsile

For seven years Char'le magne, the great emperor of France, waged war in Spain and conquered all save the city of Saragossa, which King Marsile, the Saracen, held.

King Marsile feared that his army was not great enough to defeat Charlemagne and drive him out of Spain, and he took counsel of his nobles as to what he should do. The nobles advised him to send messengers to Charlemagne, offering rich gifts. "Tell him," they said, "that he has waged war long enough in Spain and that the time is ripe for him to return to France. Say that you will follow him there to receive baptism and swear allegiance. If he asks for hostages, send him ten or twenty of our sons. When you do not come to France to fulfill your promise, he will probably put them to death. But it is better that our sons should die than that we should lose our land and our honor."

So Marsile chose ten of his knights to carry this message to Charlemagne; and they departed, with olive branches in their hands but with treachery in their hearts.

The messengers came to Charlemagne and spoke thus: "King Marsile bids us offer you gifts of bears, lions, and dogs, seven hundred camels and a thousand hawks,

four hundred mules and five hundred carts loaded with silver, and gold to pay your soldiers. You have tarried long enough in this land. Return now into France, and King Marsile will follow to accept your faith and to swear allegiance to you for the land of Spain."

Charlemagne heard their words in silence, for he was not hasty of speech and he distrusted the Saracen king. He questioned Marsile's messengers, saying, "King Marsile has always been my foe. How shall I know that he will keep his promises?"

And the messengers answered that they would give hostages, their own sons, if need be, as pledges that Marsile would keep faith.

The emperor dismissed the messengers and ordered that they be well cared for during the night. When morning dawned, he called his nobles in council and laid before them the message of Marsile.

First Roland, his nephew, rose. "Sire," he said, "do not trust the false Marsile. Once before he sent his pagans bearing olive branches and making fair promises. You sent him messengers in return, and they were beheaded in the mountains by Marsile. Put no faith in his promises, for he is false-hearted. Lead your armies against Saragossa, and avenge your messengers whom the king slew."

Roland had scarcely finished speaking when Ganelon, his stepfather, sprang to his feet. There was no love in Ganelon's heart for his stepson, for he was envious of

From the Painting by Albrecht Durer

CHARLEMAGNE

the affection and honor in which Roland was held by Charlemagne and all the Franks.

"Sire," he said, "this is not the time for haughty measures. If Marsile is ready to make peace, we should treat with him. We have had enough of conquest. We are weary of fighting. Let us make terms with Marsile and go back to France."

The good duke Naimes agreed to the counsel of Ganelon. "This is good advice," he said. "If Marsile asks for mercy, we do wrong to withhold it. Send one of our knights to make terms with him, for it is time this war ended." All the knights save Roland and Oliver agreed that Naimes spoke well.

Then said Charlemagne, "Whom shall we send as a messenger to Marsile?" And the good Duke Naimes answered, "I will go."

"Nay," replied Charlemagne, "for I need your counsel."

Then said Roland, "I will gladly go."

But his friend Oliver cried out, "Certainly you shall not go. You are too headstrong to be trusted on such an errand. Rather, let me go."

"By this white beard of mine," cried Charlemagne, "none of the twelve peers shall go upon this dangerous mission."

Now Archbishop Turpin rose. "Do not call upon your French warriors," he said; "they have fought for seven long years in Spain, and they are weary. Let me undertake the errand."

But Charlemagne refused his offer, and called upon the French knights to choose one from among them to carry the message to Marsile.

Then Roland said, "Why do you not send Ganelon, my stepfather? No knight is better fitted for the task."

"The choice is good," said the French knights. "If it is pleasing to Charlemagne, we choose Ganelon to go."

Ganelon's face was terrible in wrath. It was plain to see that he had no liking for this dangerous errand. He looked at his stepson angrily. "Roland has done this," he cried, "and I shall hate him as long as I live, and Oliver also, his friend, and the other ten peers who love him. Take heed, Roland; if I return from Spain, I shall bring misfortune upon you."

"You must know that I am not frightened by your threats," answered Roland. "But since a wise man is needed to carry this message, mayhap it were better for me to go instead."

"You shall not go for me!" cried Ganelon furiously. "I shall go, as Charlemagne commands. But, mark me, I shall not forget this."

Then said Charlemagne: "Ganelon, listen. Say to Marsile for me that if he comes to France to swear allegiance to me and receive baptism, I will give him half of Spain. The other half is for my nephew Roland. If Marsile refuses my terms, I will lay siege to Saragossa and bring him in captivity to France. Take this letter with my seal and deliver it into his hand."

Now Charlemagne gave to Ganelon his baton and gauntlet as sign of authority. But as Ganelon was about to take them, they fell to the ground; and all the knights cried out in alarm, for to them it seemed to be a sign of evil.

So Ganelon took the baton and gauntlet and departed, hating Roland for having brought this misfortune upon him.

II

The Treason of Ganelon

As Ganelon journeyed to Saragossa, he fell in with the messengers of Marsile, who were returning that way; and when they saw how he hated his stepson, they plotted with him to bring about Roland's downfall.

Ganelon came to King Marsile in Saragossa and delivered Charlemagne's message. When Marsile heard that he must go to France to be baptized and swear allegiance, or Charlemagne would lay siege to Saragossa and take him captive, he was very wroth and would have done harm to Ganelon if his courtiers had not restrained him. But the messengers who had journeyed with Ganelon let it be known to Marsile how Ganelon had plotted with them, and the king's heart was changed.

"Fair Ganelon," he said, "I did wrong to seek your life. Let these marten skins, whose value is more than five hundred pounds of gold, make amends to you. Now tell me of Charlemagne. He has wandered through

many lands, his buckler has borne many a blow, and many a rich king has he brought to beggary. He must be fully two hundred years old. Will he never tire of war?"

Ganelon answered: "Charlemagne will never tire of war while his nephew Roland lives, for there is no other knight in the world like Roland for valor and daring. His friend Oliver is of like prowess, and so are the other ten peers of France. Never while Charlemagne is served by these warlike knights and the brave twenty thousand Franks will he give up thought of war, for he need fear no man."

"Fair Ganelon," said Marsile, "I have four hundred thousand knights. Surely with these I can wage war upon Charlemagne and his Franks."

"No," said Ganelon, "it would be folly to attempt an attack on Charlemagne's army." But he plotted with Marsile how Roland and the peers might be destroyed and Charlemagne's power crippled.

"Send hostages and treasure to Charlemagne," he said, "renewing your fair promises. Then Charlemagne will return to France to await your coming for baptism. But he will leave behind him a rear guard to protect his march through the mountain passes. In it will be Roland and his friend Oliver, with twenty thousand of the Franks. In the mountains let a hundred thousand of your army set upon them. Let another army follow and offer a second battle, if need be. In one or the other of the encounters Roland will be slain. Then Charle-

magne's power will be crippled, so that he cannot make war upon you, and Spain will be safe."

Marsile said, "Swear to me that Roland will be in the rear guard;" and Ganelon swore, with his hand upon his sword.

So Ganelon departed, laden with gold for his treachery and bearing rich gifts to Charlemagne. With him also went the twenty hostages as surety that Marsile would keep faith.

When they came to Charlemagne, Ganelon addressed him in these words: "Sire, may the peace of God be with you. I bring you tribute from Marsile, and twenty hostages. Before a month passes, Marsile will follow you into France to be baptized and to swear allegiance to you and receive the half of Spain at your hands."

Then Charlemagne commended Ganelon, and with great rejoicing a thousand trumpets were sounded and the army set out for France.

III

The Rear Guard is Assigned to Roland

Charlemagne's army drew near to the mountain passes through which it was to enter France. And now a guard must be chosen to protect the rear from treacherous attack while the main body of the army made its way through the narrow and dark defiles.

"Who shall command the rear guard while we pass

through into France?" said Charlemagne, and the treacherous Ganelon answered, "Roland, my stepson. You have no one of greater valor."

Roland answered like a true knight. "Sire, grant me the trust, and you shall not regret your choice. I pledge my honor in your defense."

Charlemagne yielded, though he was filled with strange forebodings. He begged Roland to take with him half the army for the rear guard; but Roland would not. "No," he cried, "I will take with me only twenty thousand Franks. With these I swear to defend your march."

The brave Franks rallied around him, eager for a place among the twenty thousand; and with him also went Oliver, his friend, and Archbishop Turpin, and the other peers of France. And so the rear guard was chosen and Charlemagne was ready to depart. But he took leave of his nephew with a heavy heart, for in his sleep he had had a vision in which he saw his lance broken in his hand by Ganelon, who had chosen Roland to lead the rear guard.

The army of Charlemagne passed in safety through the mountains, while Roland and the twenty thousand remained behind to guard the rear.

Now the pagan hosts were drawing near from Saragossa. The sound of their trumpets and the tramping of their horses' hoofs reached the rear guard. From a high hill Oliver saw their glittering helmets and the glint of their fluttering pennants. He saw that they were so great in number that they could not be counted.

"Sweet friend," he said to Roland, "the Saracens are drawing near to give us battle. Ganelon has betrayed us. We are too few to stand against such a company. Sound your ivory horn and Charlemagne will hear it and turn back to aid us."

"It would be cowardly to do such a thing," said Roland. "My good sword Durandal will smite the pagans. God forbid that I should dishonor my name, my kindred, and sweet France by calling for aid. It shall never be said of me that I blew my horn because of pagans."

"It would be no dishonor to blow your horn," said Oliver. "The Saracens cover the mountains and the valleys. The lives of the twenty thousand are at stake. Blow your horn, I beg of you, before it is too late."

But Roland would not listen to the counsel of Oliver. "Speak no more of sounding the horn," he said. "Charlemagne has left us to guard the rear. He knows that there is not a coward among us. Every knight should be willing to endure death for his king. Strike with your lance, and I will strike with Durandal, and we shall win glory for Charlemagne."

The Franks knelt and received the blessing from the Archbishop, and then armed themselves for battle.

Roland rode before them through the mountain passes. A white pennant with golden fringes fluttered from his spear. In his shining armor he was noble to look upon. His face was fair and smiling. "Barons," he said, "ride slowly. To-day the pagans shall surely be destroyed."

The Franks hailed him as their leader. Raising their battle cry "Montjoy! Montjoy!" they spurred on to the fight.

IV

The Battle

In the narrow pass of Roncesvalles the rear guard hurled themselves against the Saracen host. The battle raged for long hours. Roland wielded Durandal fiercely; and though Oliver's lance was broken early in the fight, he fought on with it, for there was no time to draw his sword. Turpin, too, fought bravely and so did all that glorious twenty thousand. Lances were splintered, swords snapped, and the brave gay banners were dragged in the dust. On every side French knights fell, but everywhere they drove the heathen before them.

Marsile with the second army was still far away. The news of the defeat was borne to him by one of the fleeing Saracens. "Make haste!" the man cried, "and attack the Franks while they are still weary from the fray. That is your only chance to defeat them."

Marsile sped with his army toward Roncesvalles. From afar off the Franks saw his great host swarming over the plain.

"Gallant knights," said Turpin, "we shall surely perish this day, but let us die like brave men."

Once more raising the cry "Montjoy! Montjoy!" the Franks renewed the fight. The first half of Marsile's

army they put to flight, but then, sounding the trumpets, the king led the rest of his army against them. And now the Franks were sore pressed. They fought valiantly, but it was clear that they could not long withstand the enemy.

V

Roland Sounds the Ivory Horn

Roland looked about him and saw only a remnant of his company left alive. "Friend Oliver," he cried, "our bravest lie dead. Well may we weep for France. Now at length I will sound my horn, and perchance Charlemagne will hear it and return and save the few who are left."

He put the ivory horn to his lips and blew such a blast that Charlemagne heard it thirty leagues away. "Our men are in battle!" he cried. But the crafty Ganelon answered, "If any other man had said that, I should have told him he lied."

Once more, in great pain, Roland blew upon his horn.

"Roland is in danger!" cried Charlemagne. "He would never sound his horn unless he were hard pressed in battle."

Ganelon answered, "There is no battle. Perchance Roland is hunting a rabbit in the mountains. You know there is no one on earth who would dare attack him."

For a third time Roland put his horn to his lips and sounded it, in great anguish.

Charlemagne and all his army heard the blast, and the good Duke Naimes cried out, "There *is* a battle and he who denies it is a traitor. Sire, let us hasten back, for Roland needs our help."

Charlemagne's army turned back, riding at a furious pace to reach the battlefield before it was too late.

In Roncesvalles the remnant of the rear guard fought on bravely. Oliver fell at last, and in great sorrow Roland looked upon him. "Oliver, my friend," he said, "we have been companions for many years. Now that you are dead, I do not care to live longer."

At length only Roland and Turpin were left alive. Once more, putting forth all his failing strength, Roland sounded the horn. Charlemagne, hastening toward him, marked the faint blast and knew that Roland must be dying. "Sound every trumpet!" he commanded, "in order that Roland may know that we are near."

Sixty thousand trumpets sounded till the hills reëchoed, and the heathen cried, "Charlemagne is at hand! We cannot stand against his army. Roland must die at once or we are undone."

Four hundred strong they hurled their weapons at Roland, but he would not retreat, neither could they take him alive. And so, for fear of Charlemagne, they fled in a great rout, leaving Roland and Turpin upon the field.

A Saracen thief, seeing Roland near death, crept up to seize his sword Durandal, but Roland, reviving, felled the knave with one blow. With the last of his strength, he

tried to break his sword upon a rock. Ten great blows he dealt with it; but it did not break, and he could do no more. So with his good sword Durandal and his ivory horn beside him, Roland died on the battlefield that he had defended so valiantly.

When Charlemagne came to Roncesvalles, he found that not one of his fair company of knights was left alive. He tore his white beard and lamented: "Roland, my dear nephew, where are you? Where are Oliver and the Archbishop? Where are my noble French peers?"

Then Charlemagne pursued the heathen and wrought vengeance upon them, and Ganelon he put to death for his treachery.

But all France lamented for Roland and Oliver, for the peers of France, and the brave twenty thousand. And the fame of Roland of Roncesvalles and of his good sword Durandal and his ivory horn has come down to this day.

Based on The Song of Roland

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Or, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —

Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
Deacon and Deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral, that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

First of November, — the Earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And the spring and axle and hub encore.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —

Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith.

The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the sores and wounds that come in the encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace and the body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness — faithful and true even to death.

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WHANG, THE MILLER

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he or more respected those who had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But if a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew, but he was not fond of many acquaintances and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain. While his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed of it three nights running before.

These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," said he, "toiling and moiling from morn-

ing till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig around the pan! How slyly would I carry it home! Not even my wife should see me. And then, oh the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy. He was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last seemed to smile upon his distresses and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground and covered with a large flat stone.

He rose up and thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this, also, were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt. Getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone to the mill, with a mattock in his hand, and began to undermine that part

of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he in raptures to himself, "here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he went and acquainted his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune.

Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined. She flew round his neck and embraced him in an agony of joy. These transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, they found — not, indeed, the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD

(Born in 1706; died in 1790.)

I

The Early Years in Boston

I had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it. However, living near the water, I was much in and about it, and learned early to swim well and to manage boats. When in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my play-fellows, and working together diligently, like so many

emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf.

The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers. We were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

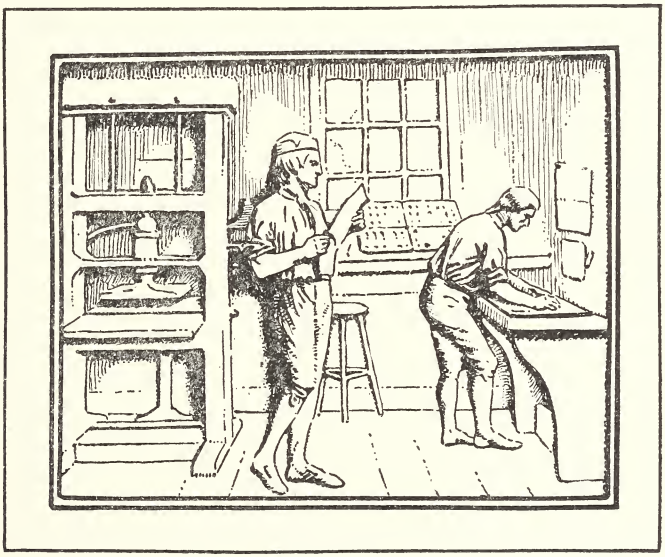
From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father [who was a tallow-chandler and soap boiler], but I still had a hankering for the sea.

To prevent the effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great progress in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother.

I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me some-

times to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

After some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books and who



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN THE PRINTING SHOP
From a tablet on the pedestal of Greenough's statue of Franklin in Boston

frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read.

I now took a fancy to poetry and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account,

encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake with his two daughters. The other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one.

When about sixteen years of age, I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me.

This was an additional fund for buying books. But

I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast, — which often was no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, — had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America and was called the *New England Courant.* The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter.* I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking; and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among

them. But being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house.

It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

Encouraged, however, by this, I wrote and conveyed in the same way to the press several more papers which were equally approved. I kept my secret until my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted. I then discovered it, and began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintances, in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And, perhaps, this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time.

II

The Journey to New York and Philadelphia

When my brother found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer. My friend Collins agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his who had gotten himself into trouble and therefore could not appear or come away publicly.

So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out or I might now have gratified them. But having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford. He could give me no employment, having little to do and help enough already. But says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand by death; if you go thither, I believe he may em-

ploy you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

After many difficulties, I arrived at Philadelphia about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning and landed at the Market Street wharf. I was in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging.

I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to; in Second Street. I asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheap-

ness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll on the way, and coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water. Being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in or slept in, in Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

In 1732 I first published my Almanac, under the name of Richard Saunders. It was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac.* I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand.

Observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the Almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression.

The piece, being universally approved, was copied in

VII Mon. September hath xxx days.

To-morrow you'll reform, you always cry;
In what far Country does this Morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this Morrow, that I fear,
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I'll reform, the Fool does say:
To day it self's too late; the Wise did yesterday.

1	5	☐ ♄ ☿ ☌ ☉ ♑	5	29	5	45	7	☽ rise 8 20 aft
2	6	☐ ♄ ♂ rain and	6	♉	5	46	7	*Let the Letter*
3	7	blustring weather	7	23	5	48	7	*stay for the Post,*
4	♐	13 Sund. p. Trin.	7h	♊	5	50	7	*and not the Post*
5	2	at the beginning	8	18	5	51	7	*for the Letter.*
6	3	7* rise 8 28	9	♋	5	52	7	Last Quarter.
7	4	cloudy and	10	14	5	54	7	☽ rise 12 38 m.
8	5	✶ ☿ ☿ wet.	10	27	5	55	7	*Three good meals*
9	6		11	♌	5	56	7	*a day is bad liv-*
10	7	Day-break 4 39	12	23	5	58	7	*ing.*
11	♐	Vc. ♀ ☿ moist.	12	♍	5	59	7	☉ in ♎
12	2	Day short. 2 42	1	24	6	0	6	
13	3	✶ ☉ ♄ cold rain	2	♎	6	1	6	New ☽ 13 day,
14	4	and wind,	2h	21	6	2	6	7 morning.
15	5	then inclin'd	3	♏	6	4	6	☽ sets 7 30 aft
16	6	to pleasant wea.	4	19	6	5	6	*'Tis better leave*
17	7	● near cor scorp.	5	♐	6	7	6	*for an enemy at*
18	♐	15 *Sund. p.* Trin.	6	16	6	8	6	*one's death, than*
19	2	☌ ☽ ♍	7	29	6	10	6	*beg of a friend in*
20	3	△ ♄ ☿ wind and	7h	♑	6	11	6	First Quarter.
21	4	St. Matthew.	8	26	6	13	6	*one's life.*
22	5	flying clouds.	9	♒	6	14	6	☽ sets 1 10 m.
23	6	✶ ♄ ☿ cold rain,	10	20	6	15	6	*To whom thy se-*
24	7	then	11	♓	6	16	6	*cret thou dost tell,*
25	♐	☍ ☉ ♂ warm aga	12	14	6	18	6	*To him thy free-*
26	2	7* rise 7 14	1	26	6	19	6	*dom thou dost sell.*
27	3	after foul fair.	2	♈	6	20	6	Full ● 27 day,
28	4		2h	20	6	21	6	near midnight.
29	5	St. Michael.	3	♉	6	22	6	☽ rises 7 aftern.
30	6	● near 7*s.	4	14	6	23	6	7* south 2 20

A Page from Poor Richard's Almanac

all the newspapers of the Continent, and reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

"Poor Richard's" Wise Sayings

God helps them that help themselves.

Whatever's begun in anger ends in shame.

Lost time is never found again.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

It is more noble to forgive, and more manly to despise, than to revenge an injury.

Glass, china, and reputation are easily cracked, and never well mended.

Sloth makes all things difficult; industry, easy.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep
And you shall have corn to sell and keep.

Want of care does us more harm than want of knowledge.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

Eat to live, not live to eat.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Lying rides upon debt's back.

There are no gains without pains.

The borrower is a slave to the lender.

Industry pays debts, while despair increases them.

Leisure is time for doing something useful.

Be ashamed to catch yourself idle.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

They that won't be counseled, can't be helped.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE WHISTLE

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came

home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle"; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasures of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine

houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in a prison, "Alas!" say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people when I consider that, with all the wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in this world so tempting that if they were put to sale by auction, I might easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the whistle.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BLESSED ARE THE HORNY HANDS OF TOIL

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

FREEDOM

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

Oliver Goldsmith's novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* tells the story of the Vicar, Dr. Primrose, and his family, who lived in the little English village of Wakefield. The following selection gives, in dramatic form, one episode in their history. The daughters have just met two ladies from London who have offered to take them to town.

The characters are the mother, the father, and their son Moses.

I

MOTHER: Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.

FATHER: Pretty well, perhaps.

MOTHER: What, only pretty well! I think it is *very* well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. And Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. Don't you think I did well for my children?

FATHER: Ay, Deborah.

MOTHER: Now, my dear Charles, the next thing we must do is to get a horse so that we can ride to church in a proper manner.

FATHER: The proper manner of going to church is to go there as early as possible.

MOTHER: I mean that we should go there in a genteel manner. It is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all red with walking and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: the colt we've had these nine years. We will sell him and buy a fine riding horse.

FATHER: That colt is good for nothing but plowing. I don't think any one will buy him.

MOTHER: Indeed, when Moses has trimmed him, the colt will make a good appearance. Never fear; we can surely sell him. There is a fair in town to-morrow; that will be just the place to get a good price for the colt.

FATHER: Well, I was intending to go to the fair. I will see what can be done about the colt.

MOTHER: Now, my dear Charles, you know you have a cold. I cannot permit you to leave home till you have entirely recovered.

FATHER: The cold is nothing. I am feeling quite well.

MOTHER: No, my dear. Our son Moses shall take the colt to the fair. He is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.

FATHER: Yes, Moses is a prudent lad. He shall go, as you say, and we will hope for good luck.

II

TIME: The next evening.

FATHER: I wonder what can keep our son so long at the fair. It is almost nightfall.

MOTHER: Never mind our son. Depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.

Moses enters slowly, with a box strapped on his shoulders.

FATHER: Welcome, welcome, Moses. Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?

MOSES: I have brought you myself.

MOTHER: Ay, Moses, that we know, but where is the horse?

MOSES: I have sold him for three pounds five shillings and twopence.

MOTHER: Well done, my good boy. I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.

MOSES: I have brought back no money. I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is: a gross

of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.

MOTHER: A gross of green spectacles! And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles?

MOSES: Dear Mother, why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.

MOTHER: A fig for the silver rims! I dare swear they won't sell for half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.

FATHER: You need be under no uneasiness about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence. I perceive they are only copper varnished over.

MOTHER: What, not silver? The rims not silver?

FATHER: No. No more silver than your saucepan.

MOTHER: And so we have parted with the colt and have only a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon and should have known his company better.

FATHER: There, my dear, you are wrong. He should not have known them at all.

MOTHER: The idiot! To bring me such stuff! If I had them, I would throw them in the fire.

FATHER: There again you are wrong, my dear, for though they be copper, we will keep them by us.

Moses Buys the Green Spectacles

Copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing. — Moses, how did this happen? I see that you have been utterly deceived.

MOSES: As soon as I reached the fair this morning, I sold the colt for three pounds five shillings and twopence, as I told you. Then I walked on in search of a horse.

MOTHER: Yes, yes, to be sure, and then what happened?

MOSES: I met a reverend-looking man who asked me what I was searching for. He told me to come right along with him, for he would help me find an excellent horse. He took me to a tent where we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these spectacles, saying that he wanted money and would sell them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross of spectacles between us.

MOTHER: Such trumpery! You should have known better!

FATHER: Never mind, my dear. Copper spectacles are better than nothing.

Dramatized from OLIVER GOLDSMITH

DR. PRIMROSE GOES TO THE FAIR

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon. We debated, therefore, in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plow without his companion, the colt, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye. It was determined that we should dispose of him at the neighboring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.

Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. My wife, however, next morning at parting, after I had gone some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a man approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him. A second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home. A third perceived he had a wind-gall, and would bid no

money. A fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel.

By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer: for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right.

I was in this mortifying situation when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house. I readily agreed, and entering an inn, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book which he was reading.

I never in my life saw a figure that impressed me more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old-age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation. My friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow creatures.

Take this; I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so.

He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had some business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back, adding that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time; and when my friend was gone, he most respectfully demanded if I was in any way related to the great Primrose.

Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose whom you have been pleased to call great."

"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar, but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir; I beg pardon."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."

"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he,

squeezing me by the hand; "and do I behold" — I here interrupted what he was going to say, for my modesty would permit no more flattery.

However, no lovers in romance ever formed a more sudden friendship. We talked upon several subjects; at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines. I took occasion to observe that the world in general began to be indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much.

"Ay, sir," replied he — as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment. "Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! — But, sir, I ask pardon; I am straying from the question." I could not, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more.

The subject then changed to the business which brought us both to the fair. Mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and, very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note and bade me change it. As I was unable to comply with this demand, he ordered his footman to

be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbor Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it.

This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough, in my part of the country. Upon my replying that he was my next-door neighbor, "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg farther than I."

A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money, for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began

to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser and having back my horse. But this was now too late. I therefore made directly homeward, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible.

I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informed him that I had a small bill upon him. He read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I; "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek and creation and the world?" To this I replied with a groan.

"Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady ! she is dead
  Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
  In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
  Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
  In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
  At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
  Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
  In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
  Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK

"My dear uncle," said I, closing the drawing-room door gently and approaching my grand-uncle Rumgud'geon with the blandest of smiles, "you are always so very kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many — so very many ways — that — that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to make sure of your full acquiescence."

"Hem!" said he, "good boy! go on!"

"I am sure, my dearest uncle, that you have no design really, seriously, to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know. Ha! ha! ha! How very pleasant you are at times!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" said he, "yes!"

"To be sure — of course! I knew you were jesting. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice as — as regards the time — you know, uncle — in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself, that the wedding shall — shall — come off, you know?"

"Come off, you scoundrel! What do you mean by that? Better wait till it goes on."

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh! that's good! Oh! that's capital! Such a wit! But all we want just now, you know, uncle, is that you would indicate the time precisely."

"Ah! — precisely?"

"Yes, uncle, — that is, if it would be quite agreeable to yourself."

"Wouldn't it answer, Bobby, if I were to leave it at random — some time within a year or so, for example? Must I say precisely?"

"If you please, uncle — precisely."

"Well, then, Bobby, my boy, since you will have the exact time I'll — why, I'll oblige you for once."

"Dear uncle!"

"Hush, sir! (drowning my voice) — I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent — and the plum, we mustn't forget the plum. Let me see! When shall it be? To-day's Sunday — isn't it? Well, then, you shall be married precisely — precisely, now mind! — when three Sundays come together in a week! Do you hear me, sir! What are you gaping at? I say, you shall have Kate and her plum when three Sundays come together in a week — but not till then — you young scapegrace — not till then, if I die for it. You know me. I'm a man of my word. Now be off!"

A very "fine old English gentleman" was my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, but he had his weak points. He was a little, pursy, pompous, passionate, semicircular somebody, with a red nose, a thick skull, a long purse, and a strong sense of his own consequence. With the best heart in the world, he contrived, through a whim of contradiction, to earn for himself the character of a curmudgeon.

To every request, a positive "No!" was his immediate answer; but in the end — in the long, long end — there were exceedingly few requests which he refused. In charity no one gave more liberally or with a worse grace. For the fine arts, and especially for literature, he entertained a profound contempt. This feeling had been much increased of late by an accidental bias in favor of what he supposed to be natural science. Somebody had accosted him in the street, mistaking him for no less a personage than Doctor Dubble L. Dee, the lecturer on quack physics. This set him off at a tangent; and just at the epoch of this story, my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon was interested only in matters which happened to chime in with the hobby he was riding.

I had lived with the old gentleman all my life. My parents, in dying, had bequeathed me to him as a rich legacy. I believe the old villain loved me as his own child, nearly if not quite as well as he loved Kate; but it was a dog's existence that he led me, after all. From my first year until my fifth, he obliged me with very regular floggings. From five to fifteen, he threatened me hourly with the House of Correction. From fifteen to twenty not a day passed in which he did not promise to cut me off with a shilling.

In Kate, however, I had a firm friend, and I knew it. She was a good girl, and told me very sweetly that I might have her (plum and all) whenever I could badger my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon into the necessary consent.

Poor girl! She was barely fifteen, and without this consent her little amount in the funds was not come-at-able until five summers had "dragged their slow length along." What, then, to do? At fifteen, or even at twenty-one, five years in prospect are very much the same as five hundred.

It would have stirred the indignation of Job himself to see how much like an old mouser my uncle behaved to us two poor wretched little mice. In his heart he wished for nothing more ardently than our union. He had made up his mind to this all along. In fact, he would have given ten thousand pounds from his own pocket if he could have invented anything like an excuse for complying with our very natural wishes. But then we had been so imprudent as to broach the subject ourselves. Not to oppose it under such circumstances, I sincerely believe, was not in his power.

He was excessively punctilious upon small points of honor, and after his own fashion was a man of his word, beyond doubt. This was, in fact, one of his hobbies. Now it was this peculiarity in his disposition of which Kate's skill enabled us one fine day, not long after our interview in the drawing-room, to take a very unexpected advantage.

It happened then — so the Fates ordered it — that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed were two gentlemen who had just set foot upon the shores of England after a year's absence, each, in foreign travel. In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I

paid our uncle Rumgudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the tenth, just three weeks after the memorable decision which had so cruelly defeated our hopes. For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but at last we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn:

CAPT. PRATT: Well, I have been absent just one year. Just one year to-day, as I live. Let me see! Yes, this is October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, I called this day year to bid you good-by. And by the way, it does seem something like a coincidence that our friend Captain Smitherton, here, has been absent exactly a year also — a year to-day!

SMITHERTON: Yes, just one year to a fraction. You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day last year to pay my parting respects.

UNCLE: Yes, yes, yes. I remember it very well. Very queer indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed. Just what Doctor Dubble L. Dee would denominate an extraordinary concurrence of events. Doctor Dub —

KATE: (*interrupting*) To be sure, papa, it is something strange; but then Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton didn't go altogether the same route, and that makes a difference, you know.

UNCLE: I don't know any such thing! How should I?

I think it only makes the matter more remarkable. Doctor Dubble L. Dee —

KATE: Why, papa, Captain Pratt went round Cape Horn, and Captain Smitherton doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

UNCLE: Precisely! The one went east and the other went west, and they both have gone quite round the world. By the bye, Doctor Dubble L. Dee —

MYSELF: (*hurriedly*) Captain Pratt, you must come and spend the evening with us to-morrow — you and Smitherton — you can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of whist, and —

PRATT: Whist, my dear fellow — you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening —

KATE: Oh, no, fie! Robert's not quite so bad as that. To-day's Sunday.

UNCLE: To be sure! To be sure!

PRATT: I beg both your pardons, but I can't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow's Sunday, because —

SMITHERTON: (*much surprised*) What are you all thinking about? Wasn't yesterday Sunday, I should like to know?

ALL: Yesterday, indeed! You are out.

UNCLE: To-day's Sunday, I say — don't I know?

PRATT: Oh no! To-morrow's Sunday.

SMITHERTON: You are all mad, every one of you. I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit upon this chair.

KATE: (*jumping up eagerly*) I see it — I see it all. Papa, this is a judgment upon you, about — about you know what. Let me alone, and I'll explain it all in a minute. It's a very simple thing, indeed. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday: so it was; he is right. Cousin Bobby and you and I say that to-day is Sunday: so it is; we are right. Captain Pratt maintains that to-morrow will be Sunday: so it will; he is right, too. The fact is, we are all right, and thus three Sundays have come together in a week.

SMITHERTON: (*after a pause*) By the bye, Pratt, Kate has us completely. What fools we two are! Mr. Rumgudgeon, the matter stands thus: the earth, you know, is twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis — revolves — spins round — these twenty-four thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Do you understand, Mr. Rumgudgeon?

UNCLE: To be sure — to be sure — Doctor Dub —

SMITHERTON: (*drowning his voice*) Well, sir, that is at the rate of one thousand miles per hour. Now, suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding in the same direction yet another thousand miles, I anticipate

the rising by two hours. Another thousand, and I anticipate it by three hours, and so on, until I go entirely round the globe and back to this spot, when, having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours. That is to say, I am a day in advance of your time. Understand, eh?

UNCLE: But Dubble L. Dee —

SMITHERTON: (*speaking very loud*) Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles west, was twenty-four hours, or one day, behind the time at London. Thus with me yesterday was Sunday; thus with you to-day is Sunday; and thus with Pratt to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rumgudgeon, it is positively clear that we are all right, for there can be no philosophical reason assigned why the idea of one of us should have preference over that of the other.

UNCLE: My eyes! Well, Kate — well, Bobby! This is a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word — mark that! You shall have her, boy, plum and all, when you please. Done up, by Jove! Three Sundays all in a row! I'll go and take Dubble L. Dee's opinion upon that.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion ;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Ab er bro thok′
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, —
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Rock was seen,
A darker spot on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring, —
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float.
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away, —
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
Methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,
Full on the Ledge of the Inchcape Rock!

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

A RACE AT SEA

Jim Davis was a young English boy who was captured by Marah, the leader of a band of smugglers, and at midnight was carried aboard their ship. In the following story, Jim tells what happened as they sailed across the Channel to France.

The sun came up, the waves sparkled, and the lugger drove on for France, lashing the sea into foam and lying along on her side. I didn't take much notice of things for I felt giddy and stunned; but the change in my circumstances had been so great — the life in the lugger was so new and strange to me — that I really did not feel keen sorrow for being away from my friends. I just felt stunned and crushed.

Marah was looking out over the water with one hand on the rail. He grinned at me whenever the sprays rose up and crashed down upon us. "Ha," he would say, "there she sprays; that beats your shower baths," and he would laugh to see me duck whenever a very heavy spray flung itself into the boat. We were tearing along at a great pace and nearly every man on board was wet through.

By and by Marah called me to him and took me by the scruff of the neck with one hand. "See here," he said, putting his mouth against my ear; "look just as though nothing was happening. You see that old Gateo at the lee tiller? Well, watch him for a moment. Now

look beyond his red cap at the sea. What's that? Your eyes are younger — I use tobacco too much to have good eyes. What's that on the sea there?"

I looked hard whenever the lugger rose up in a swell. "It's a sail," I said in a low voice; "a small sail. A cutter by the look of her."

"Yes," he said, "she's a cutter. Now turn to windward. What d'ye make of that?"

He jerked himself around to stare to windward and ahead of us. Very far away, I could not say how far, I saw, or thought I saw, several ships; but the sprays drove into my face and the wind blew the tears out of my eyes. "Ships," I answered him. "A lot of ships — a whole convoy of ships."

"Ah," he answered, "that's no convoy. That's the fleet blockading Brest, my son. That cutter's a revenue cruiser, and she's new from home. She's going to head us off into the fleet. You thank your stars we have not far to go. There's France fair to leeward; but that cutter's between us and there, so we shall have a close call to get home. Perhaps we shall not *get* home — it depends, my son."

By this time the other smugglers had become alarmed. The longboat gun was cleared, and the two little hand-swivel guns, which pointed over the sides, were trained and loaded. A man climbed up the mainmast to look around. "The cutter's bearing up toward us," he called out. "I see she's the Salcombe boat."

"That shows they have information," said Marah grimly, "otherwise they'd not be looking for us here. Some one has been talking to his wife." He hailed the masthead again. "Have the frigates seen us yet?"

For answer, the man took a hurried glance to windward, turned visibly white to the lips, and slid down a rope to the deck. "Bearing down fast," he retorted. "The cutter's signaled them with her topsail. There are three frigates coming down," he added.

"Right," said Marah. "I'll go up and see for myself."

He went up, and came down again looking very ugly. He evidently thought that he was in a hole. "As she goes," he called to the helmsman. "Get all you can on the sheets, boys. Now, Jim, you're up a tree; you're within an hour of being pressed into the navy. How'd ye like to be a ship's boy, hey?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," I answered.

"You'll like it a jolly sight less than that," said he, "and it's what you'll probably be. We're ten miles from home. The cutter's in the road. The frigates will be on us in half an hour. It will be a mighty close call, my son; we shall have to fight to get clear."

At that instant of time something went overhead with a curious whanging whine.

"That's a three-pound ball," said Marah, pointing to a spurt upon a wave. "The cutter wants us to stop and have breakfast with 'em."

"Whang," went another shot, flying far overhead.

"Fire away," said Marah. "You're more than a mile away; you will not hit us at that range."

He shifted his course a little, edging more towards the shore, so as to cut transversely across the cutter's bows. We ran for twenty minutes in the course of the frigates; by that time the cutter was within half a mile and the frigates within three miles of us. All the cutter's guns were peppering at us. A shot or two went through our sails, and one shot knocked a splinter from our rail.

"Another minute and they will be knocking away a spar," said Marah.

Just as he spoke, there came another shot from the cutter. Something aloft went crack; a rope rattled to the deck and the mizzen came down in a heap. The men leaped to repair the damage; it took but a minute or two, but we had lost way. The next shot took us square amidships and tore off a yard of our lee side.

"We must give them one in return," said Marah. "Aft to the gun, boys."

The men trained the long gun on the cutter. "Oh, Marah," I said, "don't fire on Englishmen."

"Who began the firing?" he answered. "I'm going to knock away some of their sails. Stand clear of the breach," he shouted, as he pulled the trigger-string.

The gun roared and recoiled; a hole appeared as if by magic in the swelling square foresail of the cutter.

"Load with bar-shot and chain," said Marah. "An-

other like that and we shall rip the whole sail off. Mind your eye. There goes her gun again."

This time the shot struck the sea beside us, sending a spout of water over our rail. Again Marah pulled his trigger-string, the gun fell over on its side, and the cutter's mast seemed to collapse into itself as though it were wrapping itself up in its own canvass. We had torn the foresail in two, and the shot, passing on, had smashed the foremast just below the cap. All her sails lay in a confused heap just forward of the mast.

"That's done her," said one of the smugglers. "She can't even use her gun now."

"Hooray!" cried another. "We're the boys for a lark."

"Are you?" said Marah. "We have the frigates to clear yet, my son. They'll be in range in two minutes or less. Look at them."

Tearing after us in chase, under all sail, came the frigates. Their bows were burrowing into white heaps of foam. We could see the scarlet coats of the marines and the glint of brass on the poops. A flame spurted from the bows of the leader. She was firing a shot over us to bid us heave to. The smugglers looked at each other; they felt that the game was up. Bang! Another shot splashed into the sea beside us and bounded on from wave to wave, sending up huge splashes at each bound. A third shot came from the second frigate, but this also missed.

Marah was leaning over our lee rail, looking at the coast of France, still several miles away. "White water," he cried suddenly. "Here's the Green Stones. We shall do them yet."

I could see no green stones, but a quarter of a mile away the sea was all a cream of foam above reefs and sands just covered by the tide. If they were to help us, it was none too soon, for by this time the leading frigate was only a hundred yards from us. Her vast masts towered over us. I could see the men at the guns waiting for the word to fire.

I have often seen ships since then, but I never saw any ship so splendid and so terrible as that one. She was the *La oc' o on,* and her figurehead was twined with serpents. Her great lower studding sail swept out from her side for all the world like a butterfly net, raking the top of the sea for us. An officer stood on the forecastle with a speaking trumpet in his hand.

"Stand by!" cried Marah. "They're going to hail us."

"Ahoy, the lugger there!" yelled the officer. "Heave to at once or I sink you. Heave to."

"Answer him in French," said Marah to one of the men.

A man made some answer in French; I think he said he didn't understand. The officer told a marine to fire at us. "Bang" went one of the main-deck guns just over our heads. We felt a rush and a shock, and our mizzenmast and sail went over the side.

Marah stood up and raised his hand. "We surrender, sir!" he shouted; "we surrender! Down helm, boys."

We swung round on our keel and came to the wind. We saw the officer nod approval and speak a word to the sailing master, and then the great ship lashed past us, a mighty, straining, heaving fabric of beauty.

"Now for it!" said Marah. He hauled his wind, and the lugger shot off towards the broken water. "If we get among those shoals," he said, "we're safe as houses. The frigate's done. She's going at such a pace they will never stop her. Not till she's gone a mile. That officer ought to have known that trick. That will be a lesson to you, Mr. Jim. If ever you're in a little ship, and you get chased by a big ship, you keep on till she's right on top of you, and then luff hard all you know, and the chances are you'll get a mile start before they come round to go after you."

We had, in fact, doubled like a hare, and the frigate, like a greyhound, had torn on ahead, unable to turn. We could see her seamen running to their quarters ready to brace the yards and bring the ship to her new course. The lugger soon gathered way and tore on, but it was now blowing very fresh indeed, and the sea before us was one lashing smother of breakers. Marah seemed to think nothing of that; he was watching the frigates. One, a slower sailer than the others, was sailing back to the fleet. The second had hove to about a mile away, with her longboat lowered to pursue us. The boat was

just clear of her shadow, crowding all sail in order to get to us. The third ship, the ship which we had tricked, was hauling to the wind. In a few moments she was coming towards us, but distant about a mile.

Suddenly both frigates opened fire, and the great cannon balls ripped up the sea all around us.

"They'll sink us, sure," said one of the smugglers with a grin.

The men all laughed, and I laughed too; we were all so very much interested in what was going to happen. The guns fired steadily one after the other in a long rolling roar. The men laughed at each shot.

"They couldn't hit the sea," they said derisively. "The navy gunners are no use at all."

"No," said Marah, "they're not. But if they keep their course another half-minute, they'll be on the sunk reef, and a lot of 'em will be drowned. I wonder will the old *Laocoön* take a hint."

"Give 'em the pennant," said Gateo.

"Ay, give it 'em," said half a dozen others. "Don't let 'em wreck."

Marah opened the flag-locker and took out a blue pennant (it had a white ball in the middle of it), which he hoisted to his main truck. "Let her go off," he cried to the helmsman.

For just a moment we lay broadside to the frigate, a fair target for her guns, so that she could see the pennant blowing out clear.

"You see, Jim?" asked Marah. "That pennant means 'You are standing in to danger.' Now we will luff again."

"I don't think they saw it, governor," said one of the sailors, as another shot flew over us. "They'll have to send below to get their glasses, those blind navy jokers."

"Off," said Marah quickly; and again we lay broadside on, tumbling in the swell, shipping heavy sprays.

This time they saw it, for the *Laocoön's* helm was put down, her great sails shivered and threshed, and she stood off on the other tack. As she stood away, we saw an officer leap to the taffrail, holding on by the mizzen backstays.

"Tar my wig," said Marah, "if he isn't bowing to us!"

Sure enough the officer took off his hat to us and bowed gracefully.

"Polite young man," said Marah. "We will give them the other pennant."

Another flag, a red pennant, was hoisted in place of the blue. "Wishing you a pleasant voyage," said Marah. "Now luff, my sons. That longboat will be on us."

Indeed, the longboat had crept to within six hundred yards of us. It was time we were moving, though the guns were no longer firing on us from the ships.

"Mind your helm, boys," said Marah, as he went forward to the bows. "I've got to con you through a lot of bad rocks. You'll have to steer small or die."

I shall not describe our passage through the Green Stones to Kermorvan, but in nightmares it comes back

to me. We seemed to wander in blind avenues, hedged in by seas and broken water. For five or six hours we dodged among rocks and reefs, wet with the spray that broke upon them and sick at heart at the sight of the whirlpools and eddies. I think that they are called the Green Stones because the seas break over them in bright green leaps.

Here and there among them the tide seized us and swept us along. How often we were near our deaths I cannot think, but at last we sailed safely into Kermorvan.

JOHN MASEFIELD

WINTER

A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple tree;
Blue lipt, an icedrop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great armed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the smoldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

Cold it is, of course — bitterly cold and always freezing hard, but it is a dry cold and you hardly notice it. The streets are all one sheet of frozen snow, and great care is taken to keep them in good repair. Gangs of road menders are always at hand to fill up ruts by the simple process of picking up the hard snow of the roadway and then sprinkling a little water on the top, which at once produces a solid surface. No wheeled traffic is now to be seen; everything is on runners, from the carriage of the king to the doll's perambulator. One no longer hears the rumble of wheels over the rough flags, and the silence is broken only by the jingling of the sleigh bells.

It is a strange sight indeed, this winter city, with its fur-clad men and women, and snow-covered houses and gardens, its keen, crisp air and pale blue sky.

Christiania is gay at this time of year, for it is "the season." The members of the Storthing, with their wives and families, are in town for the session, and all sorts of gayeties are in progress. But all the Norwegians who have leisure to enjoy themselves turn their attentions to the real pleasures of winter — sleighing, skiing, tobogganing, and skating.

The boys and girls are thoroughly happy. Directly school is over, away they go with their skates, snowshoes, or toboggans, to have a right good time in their different

playgrounds. The hill on which the palace stands is given up to these little revelers, and in the evenings dozens of them of all ages may be seen descending the slopes face downwards on their toboggans or racing among the trees with their long ski on their feet. The public gardens also are flooded to form a rink for the sole use of the young skaters, and judging by their rosy cheeks, the outdoor exercise in the cold, dry air makes them as healthy as any children in the world.

Grown-up people consider skating feeble sport in comparison with skiing, which may be called the national sport of Norway. Not so many years ago it was restricted to that country, but now the sport has become a favorite one in Sweden, Switzerland, and in other parts of Europe where the snow lies deep. Yet, to see perfection in the art, one must go to Norway, the real home of the great long wooden snowshoe.

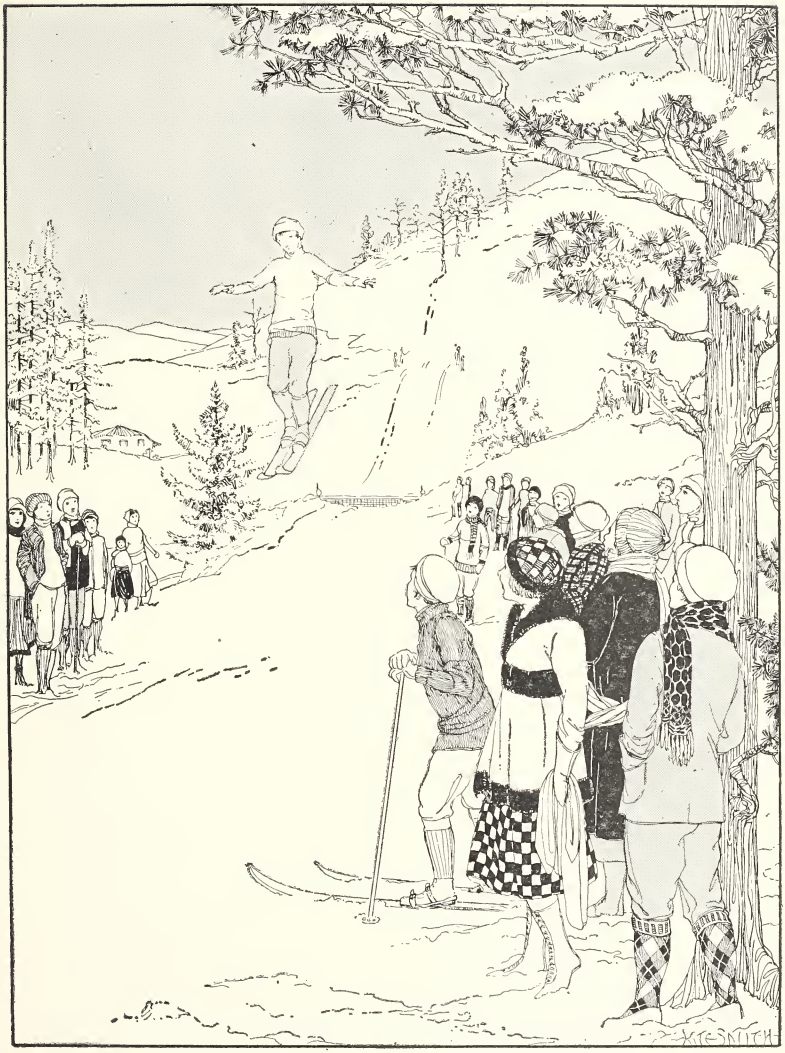
From earliest youth the Norwegians of both sexes are accustomed to go about the country in the long winter months on these strange contrivances, for without them it would be absolutely impossible to move off the roads. Children are taught in the schools to use them; soldiers wear them at winter drill and maneuvers; farmers, milkmaids, cowboys, all may be seen daily in the country parts going from place to place on them. So keen are the young rustic lads on becoming proficient ski-runners that all over Norway are to be found ski clubs, formed for the purpose of encouraging snowshoeing as a pastime

and for sending competitors to the great annual meeting at Christiania.

These snowshoe competitions are most interesting and exciting, and the pluck, endurance, and daring which they bring out are remarkable. They take place on the hills just outside Christiania and are attended by every man, woman, and child who can reach the spot. On the first day is held the long-distance race, and on the second day the jumping competition, only winners in the former being allowed to enter for the latter.

Boys everywhere know what it is to take part in a cross-country run of half a dozen miles. The Norwegian test is something more formidable — about fifteen miles of rough mountainous country, over hill and dale, through forests, and as often as not down rocky precipices, all half buried in snow; in the runner's hand a staff, and on his feet his ski, six or eight feet long. The course is carefully marked out beforehand by tying pieces of colored rag to branches and rocks, and it is a point-to-point race throughout. Every district sends its champion, and there are frequently as many as eighty competitors, who are started one after another at intervals of a minute. Except, however, for expert ski-runners who can follow the course, it is not an interesting race to watch, as one sees only the start or the finish, to learn subsequently who covered the distance in the shortest time.

The appearance of the men as they come in is sufficient proof of the terrific nature of the test. So bathed in



Ski-jumping in Norway

perspiration are they that they might have been running a Marathon race in the height of summer, and so parched are their tongues that they can scarcely speak. Lucky the skier who, during his run, chances on an unfrozen forest pool whereat he may quench his thirst by deep draughts of what the Norwegian terms "goosewine."

The second day's sport is of a different kind; the whole thing is visible to the spectators, who from first to last are subjected to thrills of excitement. The ground selected for the contest is the side of a somewhat steep hill, and the snow must be in proper condition — deep and not having a hard-frozen crust. The competitors assemble on the summit, and at the bottom of the slope — perhaps a hundred yards from the starting point — is a large inclosed space, around which stand the spectators. Halfway down the hillside a horizontal platform, well covered with hard snow, has been built out so as to form the taking-off point for the long jump, and close by it is the box for the judges and committee. The soldiers on ski, keeping the ground, give the signal that all is ready; in another second a bugle call resounds from the top of the hill and the first man has started.

Down the slope he comes at the top of his speed, his fists clenched and determination in his face. Gathering himself together as he nears the take-off, he bends slightly on his ski and with a frantic bound flies forward into space. For an instant a breathless silence falls on the crowd, and then as the *ski-lober* lands at the bottom and

struggles in vain to keep his feet, cheers mingled with laughter fill the air. Number two is no more successful than his predecessor; but Number three lands on both feet with much grace, continues his way on level ground, and wheeling round, receives the well-merited applause of the onlookers.

Others follow in quick succession, some making brilliant leaps, some having awkward spills; yet one and all racing down to the platform with almost abandoned recklessness. What with the delay caused by accidents and the time taken in measuring the successful jumps, the contest occupies some hours. Then the judges declare the names of the prize winners, together with the length of each man's leap; and prodigious as it may seem, it is no unusual thing for the champion to accomplish one hundred feet, measured on the slope from the take-off to the landing-point.

Such are some of the winter sports of Norway. Can any one wonder that the men who enter into them with so great a zest have earned for themselves the name of "Hardy Norsemen"?

A. F. Mockler-Ferryman

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE STORY OF RUTH

I

It came to pass in the days when the judges judged, that there was a famine in the land of Judah. And a certain man of Bethlehem-Judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he and his wife, and his two sons. The name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi. They came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left, and her two sons. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelt there about ten years.

The sons of Naomi died, both of them. Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread. She went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, "Go, return each of you to her mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you."

Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voices and wept. And they said unto her, "Nay, but we will return with thee unto thy people."

And Naomi said, "Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me?" They lifted up their voices and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.

And Naomi said, "Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people; return thou after thy sister-in-law."

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee and to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When Naomi saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, she left speaking unto her. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem.

It came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and the women said, "Is this Naomi?" And she said unto them, "Call me not Naomi; call me Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me."

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

II

Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz.

Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean among the ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace."

And Naomi said unto her, "Go, my daughter."

And she went, and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the family of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem and said unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you."

And they answered him, "The Lord bless thee."

Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, "Whose damsel is this?"

And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, "It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab. She said, 'Let me glean, I pray you, and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.' So she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now."

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither pass from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens."

She fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground,

and said unto him, "Why have I found grace in thy sight, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

Boaz answered and said unto her, "It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord, the God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to take refuge."

Then she said, "Let me find grace in thy sight, my lord: for thou hast comforted me, and thou hast spoken kindly unto me, though I be not as one of thine handmaidens."

At mealtime Boaz said unto her, "Come hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." And she sat beside the reapers: and they reached her parched corn, and she did eat and was sufficed.

When she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not. Also pull out some for her from the bundles, and leave it, and let her glean, and rebuke her not."

So Ruth gleaned in the field until even; and she beat out what she had gleaned, and it was about an ephah of barley. And she took it up and went into the city.

Her mother-in-law said unto her, "Where hast thou

From the Painting by Rothermel

RUTH AND BOAZ

gleaned to-day? Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee."

And Ruth said, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz."

And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. The man is nigh of kin to us, one of our near kinsmen. It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, and that they meet thee not in any other field."

So Ruth kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of the wheat harvest; and she dwelt with her mother-in-law.

III

It came to pass that the land of Elimelech, the husband of Naomi, was to be sold. And Boaz went unto a man who was next of kin unto Naomi and said unto him, "Wilt thou redeem the land of Naomi which belonged to our kinsman, Elimelech? For thou art next of kin."

The kinsman answered, "I cannot redeem it for myself. Take thou my right of redemption on thee: for I cannot redeem it."

Now this was the custom in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning exchanging, to confirm all things: a man drew off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor. So the near kinsman said unto Boaz, "Buy it for thyself." And he drew off his shoe.

And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, "Ye are witnesses this day that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, of the hand of Naomi. Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess have I taken to be my wife."

And all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said, "We are witnesses."

THE BIBLE (*abridged*)

HEAVEN IS NOT REACHED AT A SINGLE BOUND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God, —
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

THE FORGIVEN DEBT

About the beginning of the last century, a Boston merchant who had been extensively engaged in commerce died at a good old age without leaving any will. He had been for many years largely interested in the fishing business, and his name was familiar to all the hardy fishermen of Cape Cod. His eldest son was the administrator of the estate.

Among his papers, a package of considerable size was found, after his death, carefully tied up and labeled as follows: "Notes, due bills, and accounts against sundry persons down along-shore. Some of these may be got by a suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fisherman's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

About a month (said my informant) after our father died, the sons met together, and after some general remarks our eldest brother produced this package, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother — unable at the moment to express his feeling by words — brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand and by a jerk of the other towards the fireplace indicated his desire to have the papers put into the flames. It was suggested by another of our number that it might be well first to

make a list of the debtors' names and of the dates and accounts, so that we might be able to inform such as offered payment, that their debts were forgiven.

On the following day we again assembled. The list had been prepared, and all the notes, due bills, and accounts, whose amount exceeded thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

About four months after our father's death, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's countingroom, there came in a hard-favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked my brother if he was not the administrator.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman." My brother requested him to wait, being at the moment engaged.

The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather wallet. When he had done this and sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with his old, gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed. I well knew that the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and I secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure and asked him his name and other common questions. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars; with the interest it now amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred dollars.

My brother went to his table, and after he had examined the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance and told me the truth at a glance — the old man's name was there. My brother then quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I shall never forget.

"Your note is outlawed," said my brother. "It was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years. There is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid. You are not bound to pay this note; we cannot recover the amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. I should like to pay it;" and he laid the bank notes before my brother and requested him to count them over.

"I cannot take this money," said my brother.

The old man became alarmed. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over," he said. "I will pay you compound interest if you say so. That debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father, sir, was very indulgent. He knew I had been unfortunate and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bills, returned them to the old man. He told him that although our father had left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the worthy old man seemed to be stupefied. After he had collected himself and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of this debt.

"About ten days ago," said he, "I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, so as to get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so — and now what will my wife say? I must get home to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hands on my shoulder as we parted: 'I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT

GOOD NAME

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of the powers there assembled and the responsibilities there centered — its Presidents, its Congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its sixty millions of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course — this majestic home of a republic that has taught the world its best lesson of liberty. I felt that if wisdom and justice and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested.

A few days later I visited a country home. It was just a modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest. Inside the house was thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness — the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock.

Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's yoke; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself.

Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. As they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father.

As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared, with the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and with the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home.

Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, came trooping down the lane with the lowing herd — seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove. The stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then knelt down in prayer — the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress — and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

As I gazed, the memory of the great capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten were its treasure and its splendor. I said, "Surely here — here in the homes of the people is lodged the Ark of the Covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength; here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility."

The homes of the people: let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the republic.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

A PLEDGE OF LOYALTY

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many. We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those who are prone to annul or to set them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

OATH OF THE ATHENIAN YOUTH

MY NATIVE LAND

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own — my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A VISIT TO AN INDIAN VILLAGE

Having been domesticated for several weeks among one of the wildest of the wild hordes that roam over the remote prairies, I had extraordinary opportunities of observing them, and I flatter myself that a faithful picture of the scenes that passed daily before my eyes may not be devoid of interest and value.

Great changes are at hand in that region. With the stream of emigration to Oregon and California, the buffalo will dwindle away, and the large wandering communities who depend on them for support must be broken and scattered. Within a few years the traveler may pass in tolerable security through their country. Its danger and its charm will have passed together.

As soon as Raymond and I discovered the village from the gap in the hills, we were seen in our turn; keen eyes were constantly on the watch. As we rode down upon the plain, the side of the village nearest to us was darkened with a crowd of figures gathering around the lodges. About a dozen men came forward to meet us. I could distinguish among them the green blanket of the Frenchman Reynal. When we came up, the ceremony of shaking hands had to be gone through with in due form. I satisfied them on this point, and we all moved forward together toward the village.

Followed by a crowd of Indians, Raymond and I rode

up to the entrance of The Big Crow's lodge. A squaw came out immediately and took our horses. I put aside the leather flap that covered the low opening and, stooping, entered The Big Crow's dwelling. There I could see the chief in the dim light, seated at one side, on a pile of buffalo robes. He greeted me with a guttural "How, cola!" I requested Reynal to tell him that Raymond and I were come to live with him. The Big Crow gave another low exclamation from the very depths of his broad chest. If the reader thinks that we were intruding somewhat cavalierly, I beg him to observe that every Indian in the village would have deemed himself honored that white men should give such preference to his hospitality.

The squaw spread a buffalo robe for us in the guest's place at the head of the lodge. Our saddles were brought in, and scarcely were we seated upon them before the place was thronged with Indians, who came crowding in to see us. The Big Crow produced his pipe and filled it with a mixture of tobacco and *shongsasha*, or red willow bark. Round and round it passed, from man to man, and a lively conversation went forward.

Meanwhile a squaw placed before the two guests a wooden bowl of boiled buffalo meat, but unhappily this was not the only banquet destined to be inflicted on us. Rapidly, one after another, boys and young squaws thrust their heads in at the opening, to invite us to various feasts in different parts of the village. For half an hour

or more we were actively engaged in passing from lodge to lodge, tasting in each the bowl of meat set before us and inhaling a whiff or two from our entertainer's pipe.

A thunderstorm that had been threatening for some time now began in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved this name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo robes, supported on poles, and was quite open on one side. Here we sat down, and a dozen Indians gathered round us.

"What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?"

"It's my belief," said Reynal, "that it is a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied; "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

So he interpreted my question, which seemed to produce some doubt and debate. There was evidently a difference of opinion. At last old Mene-Seela, or Red-Water, who sat by himself at one side, looked up with his withered face and said he had always known what the thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills with its loud, roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

"The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat muffled in his buffalo robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation;

but the old man remained doggedly silent and would not look up. Some time afterward I learned how the accident occurred. The man who was killed belonged to an association which, among other mystic functions, claimed the exclusive power and privilege of fighting the thunder. Whenever a storm which they wished to avert was threatening, the thunder fighters would take their bows and arrows, their guns, their magic drum, and a sort of whistle made out of the wingbone of the war eagle. Thus equipped, they would run out and fire at the rising cloud, whooping, yelling, whistling, and beating their drum, to frighten it down again. One afternoon a heavy black cloud was coming up, and they repaired to the top of a hill, where they brought all their magic artillery into play against it. But the undaunted thunder, refusing to be terrified, kept moving straight onward, and darted out a bright flash which struck one of the party dead as he was in the very act of shaking his long iron-pointed lance against it. The rest scattered and ran yelling in superstitious terror back to their lodges.

The lodge of my host, The Big Crow, presented a picturesque spectacle that evening. A score or more of Indians were seated around in a circle, their dark forms just visible by the dull light of the smouldering fire in the center. The pipe glowed brightly in the gloom as it passed from hand to hand around the lodge. Then a squaw would step forward and drop a piece of buffalo fat

on the dull embers. Instantly a bright glancing flame would leap up, darting its clear light to the very apex of the tall conical structure, where the tops of the slender poles that supported its covering of leather were gathered together. It gilded the features of the Indians, as with animated gestures they sat around it, telling their endless stories of war and hunting. It displayed rude garments of skins that hung around the lodge; the bow, quiver, and lance suspended over the resting place of the chief, and the rifles and powderhorns of the two white guests. For a moment all would be bright as day; then the flames would die away, and the fitful flashes from the embers would illumine the lodge and then leave it in darkness.

The next day I gave the Indians a feast, by way of conveying a favorable impression of my character and dignity. When feasting is in question, one hour of the day serves an Indian as well as another. My entertainment came off at about eleven o'clock. At that hour, Reynal and Raymond walked across the area of the village, to the admiration of the inhabitants, carrying two kettles of dog meat slung on a pole between them. These they placed in the center of the lodge, and then went back for the bread and the tea. Meanwhile I had put on a pair of brilliant moccasins, and substituted for my old buckskin frock a coat which I had brought with me in view of such public occasions. I also made careful use of the razor, an operation which no man will

neglect who desires to gain the good opinion of Indians. Thus attired, I seated myself between Reynal and Raymond at the head of the lodge.

Only a few minutes elapsed before all the guests had come in and were seated on the ground, wedged together in a close circle around the lodge. Each brought with him a wooden bowl to hold his share of the repast. When all were assembled, two of the officials, called "soldiers" by the white men, came forward with ladles made of the horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and began to distribute the feast, always assigning a double share to the old men and chiefs. The meat vanished with astonishing celerity, and each guest turned his dish bottom upward to show that all was gone. Then the bread was distributed in its turn, and finally the tea. As the soldiers poured it out into the same wooden bowls that had served for the substantial part of the meal, I thought it had a particularly curious and uninviting color.

"Oh," said Reynal, "there was not tea enough, so I stirred some soot into the kettle, to make it look strong."

Now the former part of the entertainment being concluded, the time for speech making was come. The Big Crow produced a flat piece of wood on which he cut up tobacco and *shongsasha,* and mixed them in due proportions. The pipes were filled and passed from hand to hand around the company. Then I began my speech, each sentence being interpreted by Reynal as I went on, and echoed by the whole audience with the usual ex-

From the Painting by Bierstadt

AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE OGALLALLAH INDIANS

clamations of assent and approval. As nearly as I can recollect, it was as follows:

I had come, I told them, from a country so far distant, that, at the rate they travel, they could not reach it in a year.

"How! how!"

"There the Meneaska were more numerous than the blades of grass on the prairie. The squaws were far more beautiful than they had ever seen, and all the men were brave warriors."

"How! how! how!"

Here I was assailed by sharp twinges of conscience, for I fancied I could perceive a fragrance of perfumery in the air, and a vision rose before me of white kid gloves and silken mustaches with the mild and gentle countenances of numerous fair-haired young men. But I recovered myself and began again.

"While I was living in the Meneaska lodges, I had heard of the Ogallallahs, — how great and brave a nation they were, how they loved the whites, and how well they could hunt the buffalo and strike their enemies. I resolved to come and see if all that I heard was true."

"How! how! how! how!"

"As I had come on horseback through the mountains, I had been able to bring them only a very few presents."

"How!"

"I had plenty of powder, lead, knives, and tobacco at Fort Laramie. These I was anxious to give them,

and if any of them should come to the fort before I went away, I would make them handsome presents."

"How! how! how! how!"

Raymond then cut up and distributed among them two or three pounds of tobacco, and old Mene-Seela began to make a reply. It was quite long, but the following was the pith of it:

He had always loved the whites. They were the wisest people on earth. He believed they could do everything, and he was always glad when any of them came to live in the Ogallallah lodges. It was true I had not made them many presents, but the reason of it was plain. It was clear that I liked them, or I never should have come so far to find their village.

Several other speeches of similar import followed and then, this more serious matter being disposed of, there was an interval of smoking, laughing, and conversation; but old Mene-Seela suddenly interrupted it with a loud voice.

"Now is a good time," he said, "when all the old men and chiefs are here together, to decide what the people shall do. We came over the mountain to make our lodges for next year. Our old ones are good for nothing; they are rotten and worn out. But we have been disappointed. We have killed buffalo bulls enough, but we have found no herds of cows, and the skins of bulls are too thick and heavy for our squaws to make lodges of. There must be plenty of cows about the Medicine-Bow Mountain. We ought to go there. To be sure, it is

farther westward than we have ever been before, and perhaps the Snakes will attack us, for those hunting grounds belong to them. But we must have new lodges at any rate; our old ones will not serve for another year. We ought not to be afraid of the Snakes. Our warriors are brave, and they are all ready for war. Besides, we have three white men with their rifles to help us."

I could not help thinking that the old man relied a little too much on the aid of allies, one of whom was a coward, another a blockhead, and the third an invalid. This speech produced a good deal of debate. As Reynal did not interpret what was said, I could only judge of the meaning by the features and gestures of the speakers. At the end of it, however, the greater number seemed to have fallen in with Mene-Seela's opinion. A short silence followed, and then the old man struck up a discordant chant, which I was told was a song of thanks for the entertainment I had given them.

"Now," said he, "let us go and give the white men a chance to breathe."

So the company all dispersed into the open air, and for some time the old chief was walking round the village, singing his song of praise of the feast, after the usual custom of the nation.

At last the day drew to a close, and as the sun went down, the horses came trooping from the surrounding plains to be picketed before the dwellings of their respective masters. Soon within the great circle of lodges

appeared another circle of restless horses; and here and there fires were glowing and flickering, amid the gloom, on the dusky figures around them.

I went over and sat by the lodge of Reynal. The Eagle-Feather, who was a son of Mene-Seela and brother of my host The Big Crow, was seated there already, and I asked him if the village would move in the morning. He shook his head and said that nobody could tell, for since old Mahto-Tatonka had died, the people had been like children who did not know their own minds. They were no better than a body without a head. So I, as well as the Indians themselves, fell asleep that night without knowing whether we should set out in the morning toward the country of the Snakes.

At daybreak, however, as I was coming up from the river after my morning's ablutions, I saw that a movement was contemplated. Some of the lodges were reduced to nothing but bare skeletons of poles; the leather covering of others was flapping in the wind as the squaws were pulling it off. One or two chiefs of note had resolved, it seemed, on moving; and their example was tacitly followed by the rest of the village.

One by one the lodges were sinking down in rapid succession, and where the great circle of the village had been only a moment before, nothing now remained but a ring of horses and Indians, crowded in confusion together. The ruins of the lodges were spread over the ground, together with kettles, stone mallets, great ladles of horn,

buffalo robes, and cases of painted hide filled with dried meat. Squaws bustled about in their busy preparations. The shaggy horses were patiently standing while the lodge-poles were lashed to their sides and the baggage piled upon their backs. The dogs, with their tongues lolling out, lay lazily panting and waiting for the time of departure. Each warrior sat on the ground by the decaying embers of his fire, unmoved amid all the confusion, while he held in his hand the long trail-rope of his horse.

As their preparations were completed, each family moved off the ground. The crowd was rapidly melting away. I could see them crossing the river and passing in quick succession along the profile of the hill on the farther bank. When all were gone, I mounted and set out after them, followed by Raymond, and as we gained the summit, the whole village came in view at once, straggling away for a mile or more over the barren plains before us.

Everywhere the iron points of lances were glittering. The sun never shone upon a more strange and motley array. Here were the heavy-laden pack horses, some wretched old women leading them, and two or three children clinging to their backs. Here were mules or ponies covered from head to tail with gaudy trappings, and mounted by some gay young squaw, grinning bashfulness and pleasure as the Meneaska looked at her. Boys with miniature bows and arrows were wandering over the plains, little children were running along on

foot, and numberless dogs were scampering about the feet of the horses. The young braves, gaudy with paint and feathers, were riding in groups among the crowd, and often galloping two or three at once along the line, to try the speed of their horses. Here and there you might see a rank of sturdy pedestrians stalking along in their white buffalo robes. These were the dignitaries, the old men and warriors, to whose age and experience that wandering democracy yielded a silent deference.

With the rough prairie and the broken hills for its background, the restless scene was striking and picturesque beyond description. Days and weeks made me familiar with it, but never impaired its effect upon my fancy. I had never seen, and I do not believe that the world can show, a spectacle more impressive than the march of a large Indian village over the prairies.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

THE VOICE OF DUTY

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight?
. . . . . .
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE BISON TRACK

Strike the tent! the sun has risen; not a vapor streaks
the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far
and wan:
Prime afresh the trusty rifle, — sharpen well the hunting
spear —
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I
hear!

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as they snuff the
morning's fire;
Their impatient heads are tossing, and they neigh with
keen desire.
Strike the tent! the saddles wait us, — let the bridle-
reins be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bison's
track.

See! a dusky line approaches: hark, the onward-surging
roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of
shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost
of the van,
And their stubborn horns are clashing through the
crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us: let the maddened horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the cloudy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert space:
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye look back —
Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the maddened bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso, — swing your rifles as we run:
See! the dust is red behind him, — shout, my comrades, he is won!

BAYARD TAYLOR

TOM FAGGUS AND HIS STRAWBERRY MARE

It happened upon a November evening (when I was about fifteen years old and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, my sister Annie being turned thirteen, and a deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded) that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it.

Annie began to cry, "Dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again.

I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them, like a good duck-wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

We began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us. When we got down to the foot of the courtyard, where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found

good reason for the urgence and melancholy of the duck-birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly. For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like a wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle, six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. Now the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle, buffeted almost flat, was going see-saw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters. But saddest to see was between two bars our venerable mallard, jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot full of water, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly, against his will, by the choking fall-to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave

me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with the turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again and left small doubt by the way he sputtered and failed to quack and hung down his poor crest, but that he must drown in another minute and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried, "get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare — she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful — and she arched up her neck as misliking the job, yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood with her dainty forelegs sloped farther and farther in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back and wondered

at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on. And on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking.

Then, as the rush of it swept her away and she struck her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand and set him between the holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried downstream. The rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him with the water pattering off from her; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon

his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely and clapped his wings and shook off the wet from his tail feathers; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats and stood up and put their bills together to thank God for this great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble and watched the end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him. He was rather short, about John Fry's height or maybe a little taller, but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding and he looked as if he lived on horseback. To a boy like me, he seemed very old, being over twenty and well-found in beard; but he was not more than four-and-twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose and keen blue eyes and a merry, waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything misliked him; and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than buffet him.

"Well, young uns, what be gaping at?" He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin and took me all in without winking.

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall

boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride of her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take the leathers off of her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her; and he laughed and approved her for doing so. The worst of all was, he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I'm a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw-bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows; and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once. Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young

blood-mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me; especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare after all, but a witch.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one and led by love to anything.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is a good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

"Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth, for reasons I cannot tell you because they are too manifold. "Take off your saddlebag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud

speech of mine; and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen. Tom Faggus gave one glance around and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils and breathed to his breath and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment.

She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time. "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be'est made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him

safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were bent toward him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me, and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw and her hindfeet going to heaven. Finding that I stuck to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before or since, I trow. She drove full-head at the cob wall — "Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie — then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "Mux me!" I cried, for my breeches were broken and short words went the furthest; "if you kill me, you shall die with me."

Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck and wished that I had never been born. Straight away, all in the front of the wind and scattering clouds around her, — all I knew of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away and the air left far

behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases and my toes into her flank-part, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it and leaped the wide water trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog briers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish, till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent and no time left to recover it, and though she arose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.

"Well done, lad," Mr. Faggus said good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering and miry and crestfallen, but otherwise none the worse (having fallen upon my head, which is of uncommon substance); nevertheless, John Fry was laughing, so that I longed to clout his

ears for him. "Not at all bad work, my boy. We may teach you to ride by and by, I see. I thought not to see you stick on so long —"

"I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery —"

"Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha, ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare."

Richard D. Blackmore

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth — thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

James Russell Lowell

A MODEST WIT

A supercilious nabob of the East —
  Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich,
A governor, or general, at the least,
  I have forgotten which, —

Had in his family a humble youth,
  Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
  A lad of decent parts and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
  But yet, with all his sense,
  Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
  His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
  To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
  Did your good father gain a livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
  "And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade."

"My father's trade! Come, come, sir! that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow, —
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

SELLECK OSBORN

HOMER

From ancient times there have come down to us two great poems in the Greek language. These poems, the *Il'i ad* and the *Od'ys sey*, are called epics, which is the name by which we describe long poems that set forth in a grand manner the deeds of great heroes. The *Iliad* tells about the Trojan War, Ilium being the Greek name for Troy. The *Odyssey* tells the story of the wanderings of O dys'seus, or U lys'ses, when, after the war was over, he set out on his return home.

There is a legend which says that these great epics were composed hundreds of years ago by a blind poet, Homer, who wandered from city to city and earned his living by reciting poems. Some people believe that such a poet really lived, perhaps 850 years before Christ, perhaps even earlier, and that he really made up the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* himself and recited them in the courts and cities where he stayed.

Others believe that there never was such a poet, or that, if he did exist, he had very much less to do with the making of the poems than has been credited to him. They say that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* belong to the time far, far back of written history when the stories of heroes' deeds were sung and recited and so passed down by word of mouth from one generation to another. In this way, they believe, these great

poems grew, being added to and gradually shaped through many years.

Whatever the source of the poems, however, they must have been recited for a good many years before they were finally written down, for writing was not known in Greece till the middle of the seventh century B.C. and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* go far back of that.

Probably we shall never really know the facts of the matter; but it is pleasant to think that the blind wandering poet had at least a hand in shaping these great poems. Strange it is that through all these hundreds of years the fame of a man of whom so little is known should have persisted so strongly. His fame seems to grow with the years, for as we learn more about olden times we appreciate more and more how great the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* really are.

If the immortal Homer should come back to earth, he might look with curiosity upon the tributes that he now receives, for in his life he was not treated with special honor. It is said that seven different cities have claimed to be his birthplace. In the words of one verse —

> Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead,
> Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head.

And in another couplet,

> Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

I

The Fruit of the Lotus Tree

This history tells of the wanderings of Ulysses and his followers in their return from Troy, after the destruction of that famous city of Asia by the Grecians.

Ulysses was inflamed with a desire of seeing again, after a ten years' absence, his wife and native country, Ithaca. He was king of a barren spot, and a poor country, in comparison with the fruitful plains of Asia which he was leaving or the wealthy kingdoms which he touched upon in his return; yet wherever he came, he could never see a soil which appeared in his eyes half so sweet or desirable as his own country.

From Troy, ill winds cast Ulysses and his fleet upon the coast of the Cicons, a people hostile to the Grecians. Landing his forces, he laid siege to their chief city, which he took, and with it much spoil, and he slew many people.

But success proved fatal to him; for his soldiers, elated with the spoil and the good store of provisions which they found in that place, fell to eating and drinking, forgetful of their safety. The Cicons, who inhabited the coast, had time to assemble their friends and allies from the interior; who, mustering in prodigious force, set upon the Grecians while they negligently reveled and

feasted, and slew many of them and recovered the spoil. They, dispirited and thinned in their numbers, with difficulty made their retreat good to the ships.

Thence they set sail, sad at heart, yet something cheered that with such fearful odds against them they had not all been utterly destroyed. For many days, contrary winds continued to drive them in an opposite direction to the point to which they were bound; but at last they put in at a shore where a race of men dwell that are sustained by the fruit of the lotus tree.

Here Ulysses sent some of his men to land for fresh water. They were met by certain of the inhabitants, who gave them some of their country food to eat. Having eaten of this fruit, so pleasant it proved to their appetite that they in a minute quite forgot all thoughts of home, or of their countrymen, or of ever returning back to the ships to give an account of what sort of inhabitants dwelt there, but they would needs stay and live there among them and eat of that precious food forever. When Ulysses sent other of his men to look for them and to bring them back by force, they strove and wept, and would not leave their food for heaven itself, so much the pleasure of that enchanting fruit had bewitched them. But Ulysses caused them to be bound hand and foot and cast under the hatches; and set sail with all possible speed from that baneful coast, lest others after them might taste the lotus, which had such strange qualities to make men forget their native country and the thoughts of home.

II

Polyphemus and the Cyclops

Coasting by unknown and out-of-the-way shores, they came by daybreak to the land where the Cyclops dwell, a sort of giant shepherds that neither sow nor plow. The earth untilled produces for them rich wheat and barley and grapes; yet they have neither bread nor wine, nor know the arts of cultivation, nor care to know them. They live each man to himself, without laws or government, or anything like a state or kingdom, and their dwellings are in caves, on the steep sides of mountains.

Ships or boats they have none, nor trade or commerce, or wish to visit other shores; yet they have convenient places for harbors and for shipping. Here Ulysses with a chosen party of twelve followers landed, to explore what sort of men dwelt there, whether hospitable and friendly to strangers or altogether wild and savage, for as yet no dwellers appeared in sight.

The first sight of habitation which they came to was a giant's cave, rudely fashioned but of a size which betokened the vast proportions of its owner. The pillars which supported it were the bodies of huge oaks or pines in the natural state of the tree, and all about showed more marks of strength than skill in whoever built it. Ulysses, entering in, admired the artless structure of

the place and longed to see the tenant of so outlandish a mansion.

Taking with them a goat-skin flagon full of Greek wine as a present, they ventured into the recesses of the cave. Here they pleased themselves a whole day with beholding the giant's kitchen, where the flesh of sheep and goats lay strewed; his dairy, where goat milk stood ranged in troughs and pails; his pens, where he kept his live animals — but those he had driven forth to pasture with him when he went out in the morning.

While they were feasting their eyes with a sight of these curiosities, their ears were suddenly deafened with a noise like the falling of a house. It was the owner of the cave, who had been abroad all day feeding his flock in the mountains, as his custom was, and who had now driven them home in the evening from pasture. He threw down a pile of firewood, which he had been gathering against suppertime, before the mouth of the cave, which occasioned the crash they heard.

The Grecians hid themselves in the remote parts of the cave at sight of the uncouth monster. It was Polyphemus, the largest and savagest of the Cyclops, who boasted himself to be the son of Neptune; and he looked more like a mountain crag than a man. He drove his flock to the interior of the cave. Then taking up a stone so massy that twenty oxen could not have drawn it, he placed it at the mouth of the cave to defend the entrance, and sat him down to milk his ewes and his goats;

which done, he lastly kindled a fire, and casting his great eye around the cave (for the Cyclops have no more than one eye, and that placed in the midst of their forehead), by the glimmering light he discerned some of Ulysses' men.

"Ho! guests, what are you? Merchants or wandering thieves?" he bellowed out in a voice which took from them all power of reply, it was so astounding.

Only Ulysses summoned resolution to answer that they came neither for plunder nor traffic, but were Grecians who had lost their way, returning from Troy; which famous city they had sacked and laid level with the ground. Yet now they prostrated themselves humbly before his feet, whom they acknowledged to be mightier than they, and besought him that he would bestow the rites of hospitality upon them, for that Jove was the avenger of wrongs done to strangers and would fiercely resent any injury which they might suffer.

"Fool!" said the Cyclop, "to come so far to preach to me the fear of the gods. We Cyclops care not for your Jove nor any of your blessed ones. We are stronger than they and dare bid open battle to Jove himself, though you and all your fellows of the earth join with him."

He bade them tell him where their ship was in which they came, and whether they had any companions. But Ulysses, with a wise caution, made answer that they were unfortunate men whom the sea had dashed upon

his coast. Polyphemus replied nothing, but gripping two of the nearest of them as if they had been no more than children, he dashed their brains out against the earth and, shocking to relate, tore in pieces their limbs and devoured them. When he had made an end of his wicked supper, he drained a draught of goat's milk down his prodigious throat and lay down and slept among his goats.

Then Ulysses drew his sword and half resolved to thrust it with all his might into the bosom of the sleeping monster; but wiser thoughts restrained him, else they had all perished there, for none but Polyphemus himself could have removed that mass of stone which he had placed to guard the entrance. So they were constrained to abide all that night in fear.

When day came, the Cyclop awoke, and kindling a fire, made his breakfast of two other of his unfortunate prisoners; then milked his goats as he was accustomed, and pushing aside the vast stone, and shutting it again when he had done, he let out his flock and drove them before him with whistlings (as sharp as winds in storms) to the mountains.

Then Ulysses, left alone with the remnant of his men which the Cyclop had not devoured, gave manifest proof how far manly wisdom excels brutish force. He chose a stake from among the wood which the Cyclop had piled up for firing, in length and thickness like a mast, which he sharpened and hardened in the fire; and selected

four men, and instructed them what they should do with this stake, and made them perfect in their parts.

When the evening was come, the Cyclop drove all his sheep into the cave. Then shutting to the stone of the cave, he fell to his horrible supper. When he had dispatched two more of the Grecians, Ulysses took a bowl of Greek wine and merrily dared the Cyclop to drink.

"Cyclop," he said, "take a bowl of wine from the hand of your guest. All I ask in recompense, if you find it good, is to be dismissed in a whole skin. Truly you must look to have few visitors, if you observe this new custom of eating your guests."

The brute took and drank, and enjoyed the taste of wine, which was new to him, and entreated for more, and prayed Ulysses to tell him his name, that he might bestow a gift upon the man who had given him such brave liquor.

Again Ulysses plied him with the wine, and the fool drank it as fast as he poured it out, and again asked the name of his benefactor; and Ulysses, cunningly dissembling, said, "My name is Noman: my kindred and friends in my own country call me Noman."

"Then," said the Cyclop, "this is the kindness I will show thee, Noman: I will eat thee last of all thy friends." He had scarce expressed his savage kindness when the fumes of the strong wine overcame him and he reeled down upon the floor and sank into a dead sleep.

Ulysses watched his time, while the monster lay insensible; and after he had heartened up his men, they placed the sharp end of the stake in the fire till it was heated red-hot. And some god gave them a courage beyond that which they were used to have, and the four men with difficulty bored the sharp end of the huge stake, which they had heated red-hot, right into the eye of the cannibal.

He, waking, roared with the pain so loud that all the cavern broke into claps like thunder. The Grecians fled and dispersed into corners. He plucked the burning stake from his eye and hurled the wood madly about the cave. Then he cried out with a mighty voice for his brethren the Cyclops, that dwelt hard by in caverns upon the hills. They, hearing the terrible shout, came flocking from all parts to inquire what ailed Polyphemus, and what cause he had for making such horrid clamors in the nighttime to break their sleep. He made answer from within, that Noman had hurt him, Noman had killed him, Noman was with him in the cave.

They replied, "If no man has hurt thee, and no man is with thee, then thou art alone; and the evil that afflicts thee is from the hand of heaven, which none can resist or help." So they left him and went their way, thinking that some disease troubled him. He, blind, went groping up and down in the dark, to find the doorway; which when he found, he removed the stone and sat in the threshold, feeling if he could lay hold on any

man going out with the sheep, which (the day now breaking) were beginning to issue forth to their accustomed pastures.

But Ulysses, whose first artifice in giving himself that ambiguous name had succeeded so well with the Cyclop, was not of a wit so gross as to be caught by that device. Casting about in his mind all the ways which he could contrive for escape, at last he thought of this expedient. He made knots of the osier twigs upon which the Cyclop commonly slept, with which he tied the fattest and fleeciest of the rams together, three in a rank; and under the middle ram he tied a man, and himself last, wrapping himself fast with both his hands in the rich wool of one, the fairest of the flock.

Now the sheep began to issue forth very fast, and the giant felt their backs as they passed, never dreaming that they carried his enemies under them; so they passed on till the last ram came, loaded with his wool and Ulysses together. He stopped that ram and felt him, and had his hand once in the hair of Ulysses, yet knew it not; and he chid the ram for being last, and spoke to it as if it understood him, and asked it whether it did not wish that its master had his eye again, which that abominable Noman had put out; and he willed the ram to tell him whereabouts in the cave his enemy lurked. After a deal of such foolish talk to the beast, he let it go.

When Ulysses found himself free, he let go his hold and assisted in disengaging his friends. The rams which

had befriended them they carried off with them to the ships, where their companions with tears in their eyes received them as men escaped from death.

They plied their oars, and set their sails, and when they were got as far off from shore as a voice could reach, Ulysses cried out to the Cyclop, "Cyclop, thou shouldst not have so much abused thy monstrous strength as to devour thy guests. Jove by my hand sends thee requital to pay thy savage inhumanity."

The Cyclop heard and came forth enraged, and in his anger he plucked a fragment of a rock and threw it with blind fury at the ships. It narrowly escaped lighting upon the bark in which Ulysses sat, but with the fall it raised so fierce a wave as bore back the ship till it almost touched the shore.

"Cyclop," said Ulysses, "if any ask thee who imposed on thee that unsightly blemish in thine eye, say it was Ulysses. The king of Ithaca am I called, the waster of cities." Then they crowded sail and beat the old sea, and forth they went with a forward gale, sad for past losses, yet glad to have escaped at any rate.

III

The House of Circe

On went the ship till it came to the island where Circe, the dreadful daughter of the Sun, dwelt. She was deeply skilled in magic, a haughty beauty, and had hair like the Sun.

Here a dispute arose among Ulysses' men, which of them should go ashore and explore the country; for there was a necessity that some should go to procure water and provisions, their stock of both being nigh spent. Their hearts failed them when they called to mind the shocking fate of their fellows whom the foul Cyclop Polyphemus had crushed between his jaws; which moved them so tenderly in the recollection that they wept.

But tears never yet supplied any man's wants; this Ulysses knew full well, and dividing his men (all that were left) into two companies, he cast lots which of them should go up into the country. The lot fell upon Eurylochus, a man of tried courage, and his company two and twenty in number, who with tears took their leave of Ulysses and his men that stayed.

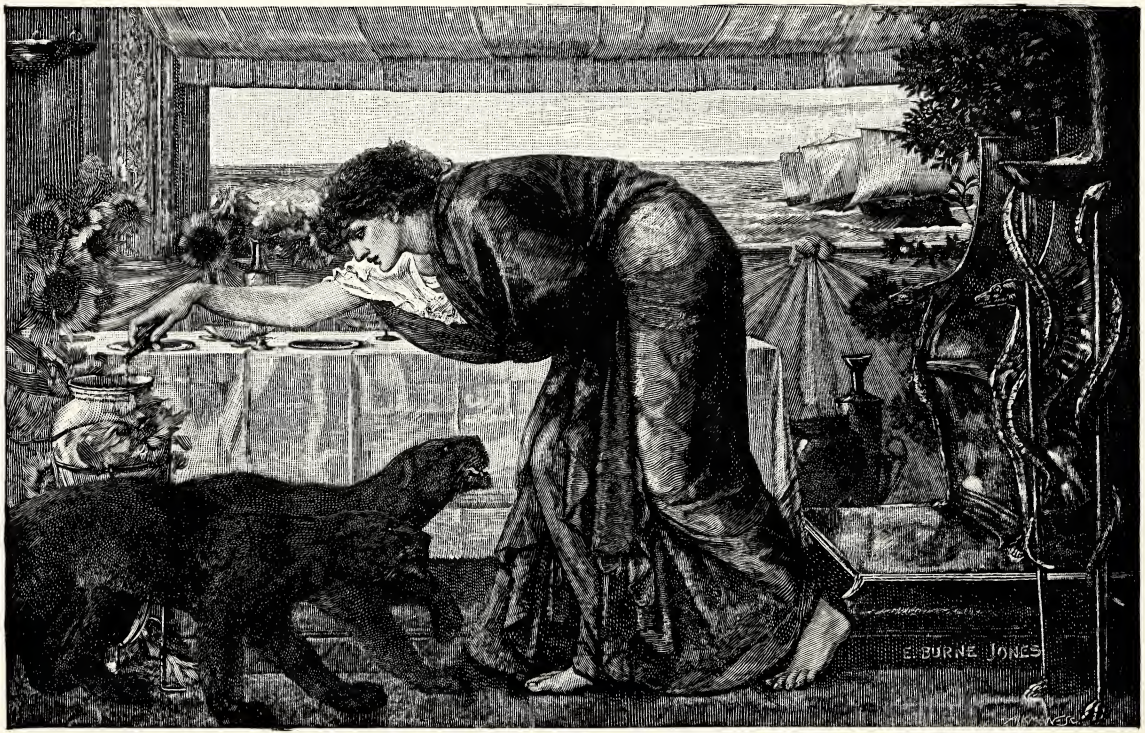
Eurylochus and his party proceeded up the country till in a dale they discovered the house of Circe, built of bright stone, by the roadside. Before her gate lay many beasts — as wolves, lions, leopards — which by her art she had rendered tame. These arose when they

saw strangers, and ramped upon their hinder paws, and fawned upon Eurylochus and his men.

Staying at the gate, the Grecians heard the enchantress within, sitting at her loom, singing such strains as suspended all mortal faculties, while she wove a web of texture inimitable on earth. Strains so ravishingly sweet provoked even the sagest and most prudent heads among the party to knock and call at the gate. The shining gate the enchantress opened, and bade them come in and feast.

They unwise followed, all but Eurylochus, who stayed without the gate, suspicious that some train was laid for them. Being entered, Circe placed them in chairs of state, and set before them meal and honey and Smyrna wine, but mixed with baneful drugs of powerful enchantment. When they had eaten of these and drunk of her cup, she touched them with her charming-rod, and straight they were transformed into swine, having the bodies of swine, the bristles and snout and grunting noise of that animal, only they retained the minds of men, which made them the more to lament their brutish transformation. Having changed them, she shut them up in her sty with many more whom her wicked sorceries had formerly changed, and gave them swine's food — acorns and chestnuts — to eat.

Eurylochus beheld nothing of these sad changes from where he was stationed without the gate; only instead of his companions that entered (who he thought had all



From the Painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones

CIRCE

vanished by witchcraft), he beheld a herd of swine. Thereupon he hurried back to the ship, to give an account of what he had seen; but so frightened and perplexed that he could give no distinct report of anything; only he remembered a palace and a woman singing at her work and gates guarded by lions. But his companions, he said, were all vanished.

Then Ulysses, suspecting some foul witchcraft, snatched his sword and his bow and commanded Eurylochus instantly to lead him to the place. But Eurylochus fell down, and embracing his knees, besought him not to expose his safety, and the safety of them all, to certain destruction.

"Do thou then stay, Eurylochus," answered Ulysses; "eat thou and drink in the ship in safety, while I go alone upon this adventure. Necessity, from whose law is no appeal, compels me."

So saying, he quitted the ship and went on shore, accompanied by none. None had the hardihood to offer to partake that perilous adventure with him, so much they dreaded the enchantments of the witch. Singly he pursued his journey till he came to the shining gates which stood before her mansion. But when he essayed to put his foot over her threshold, he was suddenly stopped by the apparition of a young man, bearing a golden rod in his hand, who was the god Mercury. He held Ulysses by the wrist, to stay his entrance.

"Whither wouldst thou go?" he said. "Knowest

thou not that this is the house of great Circe, where she keeps thy friends in a loathsome sty, changed from the fair forms of men into the detestable and ugly shapes of swine? Art thou prepared to share their fate, from which nothing can ransom thee?"

Neither his words nor his coming from heaven could stop the daring foot of Ulysses, whom compassion for the misfortune of his friends had rendered careless of danger. When the god perceived this, he had pity to see valor so misplaced, and gave him the flower of the herb moly, which is sovereign against enchantments.

"Take this in thy hand," said Mercury, "and with it boldly enter her gates. When she shall strike thee with her rod, thinking to change thee, as she changed thy friends, boldly rush in upon her with thy sword, and extort from her the dreadful oath of the gods that she will use no enchantments against thee. Then force her to restore thy abused companions." He gave Ulysses the little white flower, and instructing him how to use it, vanished.

When the god was departed, Ulysses with loud knockings beat at the gate of the palace. The shining gates were opened, as before, and great Circe with hospitable cheer invited in her guest. She placed him on a throne with more distinction than she had used to his fellows; she mingled wine in a costly bowl, and he drank of it, mixed with those poisonous drugs. When he had drunk, she struck him with her charming-rod, and "To your

sty!" she cried; "out, swine! mingle with your companions!" But those words were not proof against the preservative which Mercury had given to Ulysses.

He remained unchanged and, as the god had directed him, boldly charged the witch with his sword, as if he meant to take her life; which when she saw, and perceived that her charms were weak against the antidote which Ulysses bore about him, she cried out and bent her knees beneath his sword, and said, "Who or what manner of man art thou? Never drank any man before thee of this cup but he repented it in some brute's form. Thy shape remains unaltered as thy mind. Thou canst be none other than Ulysses, renowned above all the world for wisdom, whom the Fates have long since decreed that I must love."

"O Circe," he replied, "how canst thou treat of love with one whose friends thou hast turned into beasts? What pleasure canst thou promise which may tempt the soul of a reasonable man? Thou must swear to me that thou wilt never attempt against me the treasons which thou hast practiced upon my friends."

The enchantress, won by the terror of his threats, or by the violence of that new love which she felt for him, swore that she meditated no injury to him. She called her handmaids to deck her apartments, and spread rich carpets, and set out her silver tables with dishes of the purest gold and meat as precious as that which the gods eat, to entertain her guest.

Ulysses was conducted to a throne of massy silver, and a feast, fit for Jove when he banquets, was placed before him. But the feast which Ulysses desired was to see his friends once more in the shapes of men, and the food which could give him nourishment must be taken in at his eyes. Because he missed this sight, he sat melancholy and thoughtful, and would taste of none of the rich delicacies placed before him. Which when Circe noted, she easily divined the cause of his sadness, and leaving the seat in which she sat throned, went to her sty, and led abroad his men, who came in like swine, and filled the ample hall with gruntings.

Hardly had he time to let his sad eye run over their altered forms, when, with an ointment which she smeared over them, suddenly their bristles fell off and they started up in their own shapes, men as before. They knew their leader again, and clung about him, and wept so loud, blubbering out their joy in broken accents, that the palace was filled with a sound of pleasing mourning; and the witch herself, great Circe, was not unmoved at the sight.

To make her atonement complete, she sent for the remnant of Ulysses' men, who stayed behind at the ship, giving up their great commander for lost. When they came and saw him again alive, no expression can tell what joy they felt.

Then great Circe spake, and gave order that there should be no more sadness among them nor remembering

of past suffering. For as yet they fared like men that are exiles from their country; and if a gleam of mirth shot among them, it was suddenly quenched with the thought of their helpless and homeless condition. Her kind persuasions wrought upon Ulysses and the rest, so that they spent twelve months in all manner of delight with her in her palace. For Circe was a powerful magician and could command the moon from her sphere, or unroot the solid oak from its place to make it dance for their diversion; and by the help of her illusions she could vary the taste of pleasures and contrive delights, recreations, and jolly pastimes.

At length Ulysses awoke from the trance of the faculties into which her charms had thrown him, and the thought of home returned with tenfold vigor to goad and sting him. One day, when Circe was in her kindest humor, he moved to her subtly, and as it were afar off, the question of his home return; to which she answered, "O Ulysses, it is not in my power to detain one whom the gods have destined to further trials. But leaving me, before you pursue your journey home, you must visit the house of Hades, or Death, to consult the shade of the Theban prophet. It is he that must inform you whether you shall ever see again your wife and country."

So Ulysses raised his mast and hoisted his white sails, and the north wind wafted him through the seas.

CHARLES LAMB

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE

THE FLAG

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

The siege of Lucknow in India in 1857 is one of the most famous events in military history. A force of about a thousand British troops and about seven hundred loyal native troops was besieged by an army of sixty thousand natives for nearly five months before relief came.

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over.

The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to cheer each other and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as carrying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege and had fallen away visibly within the last few days.

A constant fever wasted her, and her mind wandered now and then, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground,

wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her "father should return from the plowing."

She fell at length into a deep sleep, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to slumber, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear. My companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

A look of intense delight broke over her countenance. She grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay. I'm no dreaming: it's the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

I felt utterly bewildered. My English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! Courage! Hark to the slogan — to the Macgregor, the grandest o' them a'! Here's help at last!"

To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment; and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the

spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard only the battle of the musketry.

After a few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear? D'ye hear?"

At that moment all seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers.

No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed.

Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, as by one impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch.

To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
  Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
  The treble of the rills;
Not the braes of broom and heather,
  Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor Border tower,
  Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper
  And plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle
  The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
  O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
  The pipes at Lucknow played!

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers, —
Pray to-day!" the soldier said:
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer:

More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear, —
She knew the droning pibroch;
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all?"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint, and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's, —
"God be praised! — the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest, —
The air of Auld Lang Syne!

O'er the cruel roll of war-drums,
  Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
  As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper,
  And plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle
  The piper's song is dear;
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
  O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
  The pipes at Lucknow played!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
  For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
  For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS

THE SCOTTISH BARD

(Sir Walter Scott: born in 1771, died in 1832.)

Sooner or later every one makes the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, the minstrel of the north, or, as he is often called, the Scottish bard. Sir Walter Scott is one of the best loved of the Scotch writers and, indeed, of all writers. He is a great story-teller, whose tales of adventure and daring have charmed for many years all those who love a good story. Later in this Reader you will see him through the eyes of a great American author, Washington Irving, who visited him in his home. The pleasant little pictures that Irving gives us seem to be very characteristic of Scott. He is one of the authors whom we like to know more about, for all that we know of him is so fine and wholesome and true-hearted that it adds to our pleasure in his books.

Walter Scott was born in 1771, the son of an Edinburgh lawyer, and the descendant of a great "riding, sporting, and fighting clan." From these forefathers, who were, many of them, as romantic as the figures that move through the pages of his stories, Scott inherited his love of romance and adventure. He was like them also in his physical courage and daring.

His body seems to have been, at first, poorly matched with his spirit. When he was about eighteen months old, an illness left him lame and he never was completely

free from this weakness. Because of his poor health, he was sent to his grandfather's farm in the Border country. One of the lasting effects of this experience was the great love that he acquired for the rugged hill country. Long afterward, in speaking to Washington Irving of this region, he said, "It has something bold and stern and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamental garden-land, I begin to wish myself back again among my honest gray hills, and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die."

The bracing hill air proved beneficial to the boy's health, but the greatest result of these early years was the interest that he began to take in Scotch ballads and legends. From his grandfather and his aunt he learned many old Border tales and began to store them up in his wonderful memory — wonderful, as he said, because he could remember and forget what he pleased. As he grew older, this memory served him well, for by means of it he acquired a great mass of information that he afterward used in his stories. He read continually — all the stories and old tales he could lay his hands on, but he always loved best the tales of the Scottish Border.

Among his schoolfellows Scott was known for his story-telling powers and for his daring and gameness at play. He had early made up his mind not to be handicapped by his lameness, and by will power and exercise he strengthened himself till he was no mean competitor

From the Painting by Gordon

Sir Walter Scott

at walking and climbing. In after years he thought nothing of a thirty-mile tramp. It was on his tramps and rambles through the Border country that he collected much of the material used in his tales.

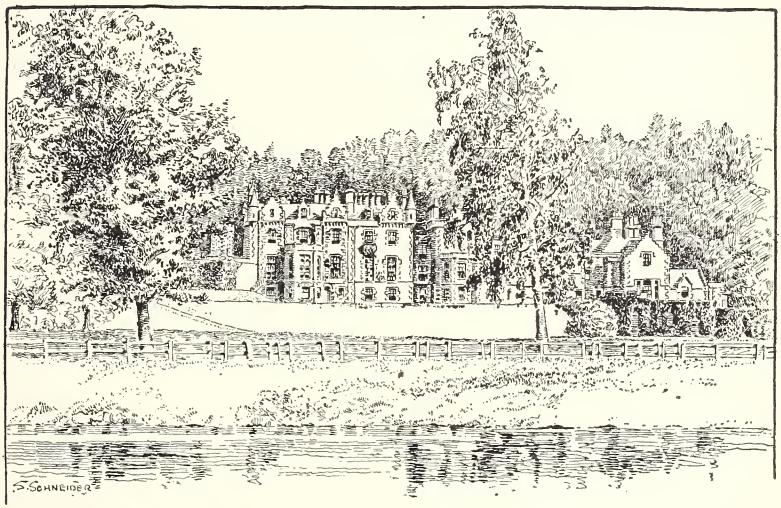
After spending some time at the University of Edinburgh, Scott decided to follow in his father's footsteps and be a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar, practiced law a little, and held some legal positions, but he had only "a thread of the attorney" in him.

In 1802 he published a book called *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* which was an immediate success. This book was the result of his study of Scottish legends, and contained not only many old ballads but also some original poems. Scott had written a little before this, but nothing of much importance. Now, however, it was clear that writing was to be his field, and the law no longer held any inducements for him. He continued to publish poems — *Marmion* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and many others. They were received with enthusiasm and brought him enormous sums, such as were almost unknown in literature before this time.

The popular success of the poems was surpassed, if possible, by that of the Waverley Novels, the first of which appeared in 1814. Scott was, first of all, a story-teller, and that he was a wonderful story-teller you will agree after you have read some of his stirring tales.

The ease and speed with which he wrote is remarkable. It is said that he completed one of the longest of

his novels in six weeks. He was always a very hard worker. Even when his great house was full of guests, he shut himself away from them for a certain length of time each day and wrote. It was his custom to finish his work early in the day. He rose at five o'clock, wrote from six to nine, and again for a couple of hours



SCOTT'S HOME AT ABBOTSFORD

after breakfast. He could then go to his pleasure with a free heart.

Scott's name is always connected with that of Abbotsford, the lovely estate on the river Tweed where he spent the latter part of his life. When he first bought the place, it was only a little mountain farm, but he gradually added to his holdings till he had a large estate. There he built a beautiful house — really a castle — and filled it

with rare carvings, books, and paintings, and old relics of Border life.

The life of the Scotts at Abbotsford seems to have been very happy. For Scott it was a busy life, but he always found time for games with his children, companionship with his friends and with his dogs, chats with his men, and tramps over the hills. Nothing delighted him more than to play the host after the fashion of olden times, and the doors of Abbotsford were always open to friends, acquaintances, and even strangers who came to pay their respects to him.

In 1820 Scott was honored with a title by the king and became Sir Walter Scott. This marked the height of his fame and good fortune. Meantime the expenses necessary for keeping up his estate had proved so heavy that he had entered into the printing and publishing business with friends in Edinburgh and London. In 1826 the houses with which he was connected failed, and he found himself in debt for over a hundred thousand pounds.

He never really recovered from the effects of this great misfortune. Although he was, by law, excused from the full payment of his debts, he honorably determined to pay back every cent he owed, and with wonderful courage set out to earn the money by the labor of his pen. The hard and grinding toil that he put upon himself brought on a stroke of paralysis which finally resulted in his death. During the last months of his life,

a trip to Italy was arranged for him in the hope of bettering his health. For this purpose, a ship was placed at his service by the government. But his condition did not improve, and he begged to be taken back to Abbotsford to die. The trip was made with as much speed as possible, and he reached home in time to spend his last days happily in the country that he loved.

In Edinburgh there is a stately monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Abbotsford still stands as it did in the days when the Scotts lived there, and some day perhaps you may walk through the beautiful rooms that Scott planned and see the treasures that he collected. You may, perhaps, walk through the grounds and call up for yourself pictures of the grand old minstrel in his home. But, at any time, you may walk through Scott's story land — a story land that no man ever made more real. You will find the bard as hospitable as he was at Abbotsford, and he has treasures to show you there that rival any that he collected with so much toil beside the Tweed.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED AND THE NUBIAN SLAVE

King Richard sat in his pavilion, enjoying an evening breeze from the west, which, with unusual coolness on her wings, seemed breathed from Merry England for the refreshment of her adventurous monarch, as he was gradually recovering the full strength which was necessary to carry on his gigantic projects. There was no one with him, most of his attendants being occupied in different departments, all preparing for the reopening of hostilities and for a grand preparatory review of the army of the Crusaders, which was to take place the next day.

The king sat listening to the busy hum among the soldiery and to the clatter from the forges where horseshoes were preparing and from the tents of the armorers who were repairing harness. The voice of the soldiers too, as they passed and repassed, was loud and cheerful, carrying with its very tone an assurance of high and excited courage and an omen of approaching victory. While Richard's ear drank in these sounds with delight, and while he yielded himself to the visions of conquest and of glory which they suggested, an equerry told him that a messenger from Saladin waited without.

"Admit him instantly," said the king, "and with due honor."

The English knight accordingly introduced a person, apparently of no higher rank than a Nubian slave, whose appearance was nevertheless highly interesting. He was of superb stature and nobly formed, and his commanding features were almost jet-black. He wore over his coal-black locks a milk-white turban, and over his shoulders a short mantle of the same color, open in front and at the sleeves, under which appeared a doublet of dressed leopard's skin reaching within a handbreadth of the knee. The rest of his muscular limbs, both legs and arms, were bare, excepting that he had sandals on his feet and wore a collar and bracelets of silver. A straight broadsword, with a handle of boxwood and a sheath covered with snake skin, was suspended from his waist. In his right hand he held a short javelin, with a broad, bright, steel head, of a span in length, and in his left he led, by a leash of twisted silk and gold, a large and noble staghound.

The messenger prostrated himself, at the same time partially uncovering his shoulders in sign of humiliation, and having touched the earth with his forehead, arose so far as to rest on one knee while he delivered to the king a silken napkin, inclosing another of cloth of gold, within which was a letter from Saladin in the original Arabic, with a translation into Norman English, which may be modernized thus:

"Saladin, King of Kings, to Melech Ric, the Lion of England. Whereas, we are informed by thy last message that thou hast chosen war rather than peace and our enmity rather than our

friendship, we account thee as one blinded in this matter and trust shortly to convince thee of thine error, by the help of our invincible forces of the thousand tribes. We make noble account of thee and of the gifts which thou hast sent us. And in requital of these tokens from the treasure house of thy bounty, behold we have sent thee a Nubian slave, of whom judge not by his complexion, according to the foolish ones of the earth. Know that he is strong to execute the will of his master. Also he is wise to give counsel when thou shalt learn to hold communication with him, for the lord of speech hath been stricken with silence betwixt the ivory walls of his palace. We commend him to thy care, hoping the hour may not be distant when he may render thee good service. And herewith we bid thee farewell."

The missive was sanctioned by the signature and seal of the Soldan.

Richard surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship. The king of England, who loved to look upon a MAN, was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him, "Art thou a pagan?"

The slave shook his head, and raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility.

"A Nubian Christian, doubtless," said Richard, "and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?"

The mute again slowly shook his head, in token of negation, pointed with his forefinger to heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

"I understand thee," said Richard; "thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armor and belt, and buckle it in time of need?"

The mute nodded, and stepping toward the coat of mail which hung, with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armor-bearer.

"Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful, knave. Thou shalt wait in my chamber and on my person," said the king, "to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply."

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth, then stood erect at some paces distant, as waiting for his new master's commands.

"Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently," said Richard, "for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield. When I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honor and mine own."

A horn was winded without, and presently Sir Henry Neville entered with a packet of dispatches. "From England, my lord," he said, as he delivered it.

"From England — our own England!" repeated Richard, in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm. "Alas! they little think how hard their sovereign has been beset by sickness and sorrow, faint friends and forward enemies." Then opening the dispatches, he said hastily, "Ha! this comes from no peaceful land: they too have their feuds. Neville, begone; I must peruse these tidings alone and at leisure."

Neville withdrew accordingly, and Richard was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England, concerning the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions. Filled with the most painful anxiety, Richard read, and again read, the ill-omened letters. He soon became totally insensible to whatever was passing around him, although seated, for the sake of coolness, close to the entrance of his tent, and having the curtains withdrawn so that he could see and be seen by the guards and others who were stationed without.

Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned toward the king. He was now busily employed on a broad pavis, or buckler, of unusual size and covered with steel plating. The care of the armorer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright as crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful.

While the monarch and his new attendant were thus

occupied, another actor crept upon the scene and mingled among the group of English yeomen, about a score of whom were keeping a silent guard in front of the tent. It was not, however, more vigilant than usual. Some were playing at games of hazard with small pebbles, others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle, and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles.

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout of the desert — a sort of enthusiast, who sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders. Indeed, the luxury of the Christian leaders had occasioned a motley concourse in their tents of musicians, merchants, Copts, Turks, and all the varied refuse of the Eastern nations; so that the caftan and turban were neither an uncommon nor an alarming sight in the camp of the Crusaders. When, however, the little insignificant figure we have described approached so nigh as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head, showing that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic features, as well as of his little black eyes, which glittered like jet, was that of a crazed imagination.

"Dance, marabout," cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts — "dance, or we will scourge thee with our bowstrings, till thou spin as never top did under schoolboy's lash."

Thus shouted the reckless warders, delighted at having a subject to tease.

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth and spun his giddy round before them with singular agility, which, when contrasted with his slight and wasted figure and diminutive appearance, made him resemble a withered leaf twirled round and around at the pleasure of the winter's breeze. His single lock of hair streamed upwards from his bald and shaven head, as if some genie upheld him by it. Indeed, it seemed as if supernatural art were necessary to the execution of the wild whirling dance, in which scarce the tiptoe of the performer was seen to touch the ground. He flew here and there, from one spot to another, still approaching, however, though almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent. When at length he sunk exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above thirty yards from the king's person.

A circle was instantly formed around the prostrate and exhausted dervish, and while one tall yeoman raised his feeble form from the ground, another presented to him a huge flagon of wine. The dervish, or whatever he was, drank, or at least seemed to drink, the large flagon to the very bottom at a single pull; and when he took it from his lips only uttered, with a deep sigh, the words "Allah kerim," or "God is merciful." There was a laugh among the yeomen, which roused and disturbed

the king, who raising his finger said angrily, "How, knaves, no respect, no observance?"

All were at once hushed into silence, well acquainted with the temper of Richard, which at some times admitted of much military familiarity, and at others exacted the most precise respect, although the latter humor was of much more rare occurrence. Hastening to a more reverent distance from the royal person, they attempted to drag along with them the marabout, who, exhausted apparently by previous fatigue or overpowered by the potent draught he had just swallowed, resisted being moved from the spot, both with struggles and groans.

At the same moment the monarch darted another impatient glance to the spot, and all retreated in haste, leaving the dervish on the ground, unable, as it seemed, to stir a single limb or joint of his body. In a moment afterward all was as still and quiet as it had been before the intrusion.

For the space of a quarter of an hour or longer, all remained perfectly quiet in the front of the royal habitation. The king read and mused in the entrance of his pavilion. Behind, with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave still burnished the ample pavis. In front of all, at an hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, attentive to their own sports but pursuing them in silence, while on the esplanade betwixt them and the front of the tent lay, scarcely to be distin-

guished from a bundle of rags, the senseless form of the marabout.

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded. By means of this he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground so as to survey all around him, moving with a well-adjusted precaution. He couched his head instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved, and began, with the slightest possible appearance of voluntary effort, to drag himself, as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the king. At intervals he stopped and remained fixed, like the spider which, moving toward her object, collapses into apparent lifelessness when she thinks she is the subject of observation. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian, who, on his part, prepared himself, as quietly as possible, to interfere the instant that interference should be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards' distance from Richard's person, when, starting to his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the king's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the poniard which he had hidden in his sleeve. Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch. But the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the

enthusiast, and ere the latter could strike, the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the marabout dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger, which, however, only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground.

Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen. With little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance than an ordinary man would show in brushing off and crushing an intrusive wasp, he caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaiming only, "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin, who uttered twice, once in a loud and once in a broken tone, the words "Allah ackbar" (God is victorious) and expired at the king's feet.

"Ye are careful warders," said Richard to his archers in a tone of scornful reproach as, aroused by the bustle of what had passed, in terror and tumult they now rushed into his tent. "Watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent all of you and cease your senseless clamor. Saw ye never a dead Turk before? For thee, my swart and silent friend —" he added, turning to the Ethiopian. "But how's this? thou art wounded; and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me, for by force of stab so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than raze the lion's hide. Suck the poison from his wound, one of

you. The venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood."

The yeomen looked on one another confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a danger prevailing with those who feared no other.

"How now, sirrahs!" continued the king, "are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death, that you dally thus?"

"Not the death of a man," said Long Allen, to whom the king looked as he spoke; "but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like an ox."

"His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison," muttered another yeoman, "as if he said, 'Go to, swallow a gooseberry!'"

"Nay," said Richard, "I never bade man do that which I would not do myself."

Without farther ceremony, and in spite of the general expostulations of those around and the respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the king of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation than the Nubian started from him, and casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment.

Long Allen also interposed, saying that if it were necessary to prevent the king engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth were at the service of the Ethiopian, and that he would eat him up bodily rather than have King Richard's mouth again approach him.

Neville, who entered with other officers, added his remonstrances.

"Nay — nay, make not a needless halloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over," said the king. "The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn. An angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch."

Thus spoke Richard, a little ashamed perhaps of his own condescension, though sanctioned both by humanity and gratitude. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the king imposed silence on him. "Peace, I prithee, make no more of it. I did it but to show these ignorant prejudiced knaves how they might help each other when these cowardly caitiffs come against us with poisoned shafts."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A FAMOUS CONTEST

The splendid array of Arabs advanced to the sound of military music, and when they met King Richard's troops, they opened to the right and left and let them enter between the ranks. Richard now assumed the foremost place in his troops, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the center of his bodyguard surrounded by his domestic officers, came the Soldan, with the look and manners of one on whose brow nature had written, "This is a king!"

In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide Eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the plainest-dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem which was called by the poets the Sea of Light. The diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of its noble burden.

There was no need of farther introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence. After a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals.

The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no farther notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The Soldan was the first to break silence.

"The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array? Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes. Who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name the nurse stills her child and the free Arab subdues his restive steed?"

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural luster from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin.

He led the way to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux then removed the long riding cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was

Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen — a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldly length of which extended wellnigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

THE SOLDAN SHOWS HIS TRICK OF THE SABER

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English. "It will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard; "he understands or guesses thy meaning. Be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan, indeed, presently said, "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down and placed it upright on one end.

"Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the king. "No sword on earth, were it the Ex cal′ i bur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade of a dull blue color marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer.

Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced. He balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then

stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat.

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid a sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his saber, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil severed that into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee. Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength."

Sir Walter Scott

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone,
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near:
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck: write them upon the table of thine heart.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

A false balance is an abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is his delight.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly, are His delight.

Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.

Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser: teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.

These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him:

A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood,

A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief,

A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.

THE BIBLE

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude,

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE HUMOR OF THE BLUE JAY

Certain rumors have reached the Snap-Bean Farm to the effect that in various parts of the country the blue jay has aroused prejudice and suspicion. He is charged with murder and with other crimes, such as pulling up corn when it begins to sprout from the ground, and his voice is said to be harsh and unmusical; but nothing whatever is said of the beauty of his coat, the elegance of his bearing, or the humor by means of which he manages to lead a cheerful life.

In truth, humor seems to be one of his instincts, for he is never serious long at a time, and it is perhaps just as well, for too much seriousness, such as belongs to the career of the turtledove, the crow, and the owl, is altogether out of proportion to the natural order of things. Humor is a great thing to live by and, other things being equal, it is a profitable thing to die by.

When old mother earth gets notice of a joke that has been cracked on some other planet, and begins to shake her sides with laughter, incidentally engulfing a city or two or perhaps a good part of a continent, we are so blind that we cannot see the humor of it. It is the same way

with the ants whose homes we destroy with our heels; they do not regard the result as at all humorous. They lack our point of view; for them there has been an earthquake, and a very disastrous one; whereas, as we know, only a carelessly jolly pedestrian has passed their way. So much for appearances.

The humor of the blue jay, however, is not of the continent-racking kind. He is content with his own small affairs, which lie in and out of the poplars and cedars and the larger fruit trees, and he makes a great success of them in one way and another. He is never droopy or languid, or out of sorts on account of hard times, even in the bleakest and barest weather. At a pinch, he will swallow a half-dozen chinaberries, the fruit on which the robins get drunk in March while on their way to join the bobolinks on their northern tour. So far as travel is concerned, he is content with his surroundings and with such fare as heaven and his own instincts provide for him.

In midwinter, on the Snap-Bean Farm, where Nature's vaudeville is played in broad daylight, the blue jay is a valued performer, and some of his pranks are full of interest. Near the sitting-room window is a china tree overrun with wistaria, and this for a good part of the morning is his stage. His fellow performers consist of a small colony of sparrows. When the air is full of frost and there is a necessity for warmth, two or three blue jays come sailing to the china tree. They eye the

sparrows with curious side glances, hop from limb to limb, bow two or three times, and then the show begins.

The sparrows, having no sense of humor, are fiercely in earnest all through the show, and this the blue jay seems to relish. Pretending to attack the sparrows, the blue jay makes what seems to be a savage dash at them. They do what they can to evade him, and then, quick as a flash, he turns tail and tries to escape. Through and through the tree they pursue him, in and out the boxwood bushes; but when they emerge from the boxwood, the blue jay is pursuing and the sparrows are the fugitives. Thus the show continues until the jays have thoroughly warmed themselves. Then, for the morning, that particular part of the vaudeville is over and done with.

For a time, the blue jays disappear; there is an interlude to the show; but in due time one of them reappears, holding in his beak the half of a biscuit or a crust of bread. This he drops in the most casual way and then watches for results. The sparrows, thinking that the fall of the bread was accidental and that the blue jay will immediately recover his treasure, permit some little time to elapse before claiming the loot. Should they delay too long, the blue jay will hop about from limb to limb in a manner quite comically unconcerned; sometimes, indeed, he flies into the adjoining trees.

Then three or four sparrows drop from their posts of observation and proceed to wrangle over the spoils.

When one of the sparrows has driven off the others and seems ready to fly to some secluded spot with the bread, the blue jay swoops down and reclaims his plunder. Having scattered the sparrows, he leaves the bread where he found it and flies quite around the house. Seeing this, the sparrows come down again and renew their dispute over the bread; and it is no sooner settled than the blue jay makes his appearance again and scatters them.

In all his attitudes and movements, he betrays a fine sense of humor; he teases the sparrows and enjoys it; and he seems to delight in stirring their helpless resentment. He is very much like a big boy domineering over a crowd of smaller urchins, and seems never to grow tired of the situations he is all the time inventing.

The humor of the blue jay is to be found in everything he does, even in the way he deals with his young. When the young jay is something more than a fledgling, and is able to fly around and follow the old birds from tree to tree and from bush to bush, crying loudly for food, his apprenticeship to humor begins. His cries are always heeded by those on whom he depends, but the way they deal out the food is something quite out of the ordinary.

The young one is faithfully served by two busy birds, each in his turn. No sooner does one of the old birds alight in a tree or bush occupied by the young one than you can hear the most appealing and pitiful cries, and then there comes a sound of smothering and suffocation.

The older bird presents the food to the young one and then holds it tightly in his bill, and the noise that is made is caused by the efforts of the young bird to swallow the food that is held in his gullet. Just before suffocation would result, the old bird releases the food, and the young one is for the moment satisfied.

The blue jay has his conventions, and they are marked by his special character. For their convention hall, those on the Snap-Bean Farm have chosen a venerable Norway pine that is one of the ornaments of the place. When the blue jay desires to summon his companions to a consultation, he goes to the pine and blows his horn.

There is immediate response; from all quarters of the neighborhood the blue jays come hurrying. For a few minutes the controversy carries so high that you can hardly hear your own voice. Then, all of a sudden, there is a lull in the debate; the arguments are almost whispered. And then, quite as suddenly, the convention adjourns and scatters to the four winds, subject to the call of the chairman.

The blue jay is a most particular home builder; he knows how to build his house, and he takes a great pride in it. He doesn't hang his nest to a limb nor glue it to a tree. Instead, he selects a substantial fork or crotch of a limb, lays down a few twigs of goodly size and strength, and on these he builds a strong foundation of clay with layers of paper between. When his nest is

finished, it is as substantial in proportion as one of our modern steel structures.

Thus fitted and finished, it is admirably adapted to the rearing of a strong and healthy brood, and the blue jay goes about this business with the earnest energy that characterizes all his movements. He raises his young and leads them about from tree to tree and from bush to bush until they have tried and found their wings. Then, his responsibilities being over, he proceeds with his career of gayety.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD

"A CRICKET ON THE HEARTH IS THE LUCKIEST THING IN ALL THE WORLD"

In Dickens' story *The Cricket on the Hearth*, the main characters, beside the CRICKET, are

JOHN PEERYBINGLE, the carrier, and his WIFE; BOXER, their dog; TILLY SLOWBOY, the maid; CALEB PLUMMER, who makes dolls, Noah's arks, and toy animals; his blind daughter, BERTHA; MR. TACKLETON, the toy merchant, known as Gruff and Tackleton; MAY FIELDING; and the STRANGER.

I

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp.

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that. I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the kettle began it at least five minutes before the cricket gave

any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

Mrs. Peerybingle set the kettle on the fire, and in doing so she lost her temper or mislaid it for an instant, for the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air and dribble, a very Idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, carrying its handle with an air of defiance and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other and sat down before the kettle laughing. Meanwhile, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite

made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome there is no doubt whatever. It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that *it* is one, for it's nothing but a glare, of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together, set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoarfrost on the finger post and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming! —

And here, if you like, the cricket DID chime in — with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup by way of chorus.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. Yet they went very well together,

the cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum — m-m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum, — m-m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum — m-m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum — m-m! Kettle not to be finished.

At last they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty. But of this there is no doubt: that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, sent each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

II

The Stranger Appears

Mrs. Peerybingle went running to the door, where, what with the wheels of a cart, the tramp of a horse, the voice of a man, the tearing in and out of an excited dog, and the surprising and mysterious appearance of a baby, there was soon the very mischief to pay.

"Oh, goodness, John!" said Mrs. Peerybingle. "What a state you're in with the weather!"

He was somewhat the worse for it, undeniably. The thick mist hung in clots upon his eyelashes like candied thaw; and between the fog and fire together, there were rainbows in his very whiskers.

"Why, you see, Dot," John made answer slowly, as he unrolled a shawl from about his throat and warmed his hands; "it — it isn't exactly summer weather. So, no wonder."

"There! There's the teapot ready on the hob!" said Dot, as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping house. "And there's the cold knuckle of ham; and there's the butter; and there's the crusty loaf, and all! Here's the clothes basket for the small parcels, John, if you have any there — where are you, John?"

John had gone out to see that the boy with the lantern took due care of the horse; and little Mrs. Peerybingle went in search of him. To have seen her come back with

her husband, tugging at the clothes basket and making the most strenuous exertions to do nothing at all (for he carried it) would have amused you, almost as much as it amused him. It may have entertained the cricket too, for anything I know; but certainly it now began to chirp again.

"Heyday!" said John, in his slow way. "It's merrier than ever to-night, I think."

"And it's sure to bring us good fortune, John! It always has done so. To have a cricket on the hearth is the luckiest thing in all the world! Why, what's this round box? Heart alive, John, it's a wedding cake!"

"Leave a woman alone to find out that," said John admiringly. "Now a man would never have thought of it! Whereas, it's my belief that if you were to pack a wedding cake up in a tea chest, or a turn-up bedstead, or a pickled salmon keg, or any unlikely thing, a woman would be sure to find it out directly. Yes; I called for it at the pastry cook's."

"And it weighs I don't know what — whole hundredweights!" cried Dot, making a great demonstration of trying to lift it. "Whose is it, John? Where is it going?"

"Read the writing on the other side," said John.

"Why, John! My goodness, John!"

"Ah! who'd have thought it!" John returned.

"You never meant to say," pursued Dot, sitting on the floor and shaking her head at him, "that it's Gruff and Tackleton, the toy-maker!"

John nodded. Mrs. Peerybingle nodded also, fifty times at least; not in assent — in dumb and pitying amazement, screwing up her lips the while with all their little force.

"And he's as old! As unlike her! — Why, how many years older than you is Gruff and Tackleton, John?"

"How many more cups of tea shall I drink to-night at one sitting than Gruff and Tackleton ever took in four, I wonder!" replied John good-humoredly, as he drew a chair to the round table and began at the cold ham. "As to eating, I eat but little; but that little I enjoy, Dot."

"So these are all the parcels, are they, John?" said his little wife, breaking a long silence which the honest carrier had devoted to the practical illustration of one part of his favorite sentiment — certainly enjoying what he ate, if it couldn't be admitted that he ate but little.

"That's all," said John. "Why — no — I —" laying down his knife and fork, and taking a long breath, "I declare — I've clean forgotten the old gentleman!"

"The old gentleman?"

"In the cart," said John. "He was asleep, among the straw, the last time I saw him. I've very nearly remembered him, twice, since I came in; but he went out of my head again. — Halloa! Yahip there! Rouse up! That's my hearty!"

John said these latter words outside the door, whither he had hurried with the candle in his hand.

"You're an undeniably good sleeper, sir," said John, when quiet was restored. In the meantime the old gentleman had stood, bareheaded and motionless, in the center of the room. He had long white hair, good features, singularly bold and well defined for an old man, and dark, bright, penetrating eyes. Looking round with a smile, he saluted the carrier's wife by gravely inclining his head.

His garb was very quaint and odd — a long, long way behind the time. Its hue was brown, all over. In his hand he held a great brown club or walking-stick; when he struck this upon the floor, it fell asunder and became a chair, on which he sat down, quite composedly.

"There!" said the carrier, turning to his wife. "That's the way I found him, sitting by the roadside! Upright as a milestone — and almost as deaf."

"Sitting in the open air, John?"

"In the open air," replied the carrier, "just at dusk. 'Carriage Paid,' he said; and gave me eighteen pence. Then he got in. And there he is."

"He's going, John, I think!"

Not at all. He was only going to speak.

"If you please, I was to be left till called for," said the stranger mildly. "Don't mind me." With that, he took a pair of spectacles from one of his large pockets and a book from another, and leisurely began to read.

The carrier and his wife exchanged a look of perplexity. The stranger raised his head; and glancing from the

latter to the former, said, "Your daughter, my good friend?"

"Wife," returned John.

"Niece?" said the stranger.

"Wife," roared John.

"Indeed?" observed the stranger. "Surely? Very young!"

"Hark! He's called for, sure enough," said John. "There's somebody at the door. Open it, Tilly."

Before Tilly could reach it, however, it was opened from without, being a primitive sort of door, with a latch that any one could lift if he chose — and a good many people did choose, I can tell you; for all kinds of neighbors liked to have a cheerful word or two with the carrier, though he was no great talker himself. Being opened, it gave admission to a little, meager, thoughtful, dingy-faced man, who seemed to have made himself a greatcoat from the sackcloth covering of some old box; for when he turned to shut the door and keep the weather out, he disclosed upon the back of that garment the inscription **G & T** in large black capitals. Also the word **GLASS** in bold characters.

"Good evening, John!" said the little man. "Good evening, mum. Good evening, Tilly. Good evening, Unbeknown! How's Baby, mum? Boxer's pretty well, I hope?"

"All thriving, Caleb," replied Dot. "I am sure you need only look at the dear child, for one, to know that."

"And I'm sure I need only look at you, for another," said Caleb.

"Busy just now, Caleb?" asked the carrier.

"Pretty much so. There's rather a run on Noah's arks at present. I could have wished to improve upon the Family, but I don't see how it's to be done at the price. Ah, well! Have you anything in the parcel line for me, John?"

"A small box," replied the carrier. "Here you are!"

"'For Caleb Plummer,'" said the little man, spelling out the direction. "'With Cash.' With Cash, John. I don't think it's for me."

"With Care," returned the carrier, looking over his shoulder. "Where do you make out *cash?*"

"Oh! To be sure!" said Caleb. "It's all right. With care! Yes, yes; that's mine. It might have been with *cash*, indeed, if my dear boy in the Golden South Americas had lived, John. You loved him like a son, didn't you? You needn't say you did. I know, of course. 'Caleb Plummer. With Care.' Yes, yes, it's all right. It's a box of dolls' eyes for my daughter's work. I wish it were her own sight in a box, John."

"I wish it were, or could be!" cried the carrier.

"Thank'ee," said the little man. "You speak very hearty. To think that she should never see the dolls — and they a-staring at her, so bold, all day long! That's where it cuts. What's the damage, John?"

"I'll damage you," said John, "if you inquire."

"Well! it's like you to say so," observed the little man. "It's your kind way. Let me see. I think that's all."

"I think not," said the carrier. "Try again."

"Something for our Governor, eh?" said Caleb, after pondering a little while. "To be sure. That's what I came for; but my head's so running on the arks and things! He hasn't been here, has he?"

"Not he," returned the carrier. "He's too busy courting."

"He's coming round though," said Caleb; "for he told me to keep on the near side of the road going home, and it was ten to one he'd take me up. I had better go." With these words, Caleb shouldered the round box and took a hurried leave. He might have spared himself the trouble, for upon the threshold he met a visitor.

"Oh! You are here, are you?" exclaimed the newcomer. "Wait a bit. I'll take you home. John Peerybingle, my service to you. More of my service to your pretty wife. Handsomer every day!"

"I should be astonished at your paying compliments, Mr. Tackleton," said Dot, not with the best grace in the world, "but for your engagement."

"You know all about it then?"

"I have got myself to believe it, somehow," said Dot.

"After a hard struggle, I suppose?"

"Very."

Tackleton, the toy merchant, was pretty generally known as Gruff and Tackleton — for that was the firm,

though Gruff had been bought out long ago, leaving only his name and, as some said, his nature, according to its dictionary meaning, in the business.

He didn't look much like a bridegroom as he stood in the carrier's kitchen, with a twist in his dry face, and a screw in his body, and his hat jerked over the bridge of his nose, and his hands tucked down into the bottoms of his pockets. But a bridegroom he designed to be.

"In three days' time. Next Thursday. The last day of the first month in the year. That's my wedding day," said Tackleton.

"Why, it's our wedding day, too," exclaimed the carrier.

"I say! A word with you," murmured Tackleton. "You'll come to the wedding?"

"We have arranged to keep our wedding day (as far as that goes) at home," said John. "We have made the promise to ourselves these six months. We think, you see, that home —"

"Bah! what's home?" cried Tackleton. "Four walls and a ceiling! (Why don't you kill that cricket; I would! I always do. I hate their noise.) There are four walls and a ceiling at my house. Come to me!"

"You kill your crickets, eh?" said John.

"Scrunch 'em, sir," returned the other, setting his heel heavily on the floor. "Good night, John Peerybingle! Take care how you carry that box, Caleb. Let it fall, and I'll murder you! Dark as pitch, and weather worse than ever, eh? Good night!"

III

Caleb and Bertha

Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter lived all alone by themselves, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house. I have said that they lived here; but I should have said that Caleb lived here, and his poor blind daughter somewhere else.

The blind girl never knew that ceilings were discolored, the walls blotched and bare of plaster here and there. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning grayer and more gray before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested; never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton, in short. She actually believed that he was the guardian angel of their lives, though he disdained to hear one word of thankfulness. And all this was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father!

As they sat at work amid the Noah's arks and dolls and other toys, Bertha said reproachfully, "So you were out in the rain, last night, Father, in your beautiful new greatcoat!"

"In my beautiful new greatcoat," answered Caleb, glancing toward a clothesline in the room, on which his sackcloth garment was carefully hung up to dry.

"How glad I am you bought it, Father!"

"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The blind girl rested from her work and laughed with delight. "Too good, Father! What can be too good for you?"

Happy blind girl! How merry she was in her exultation! "I see you, Father," she said, clasping her hands,

"as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat —"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

"Yes, yes! Bright blue!" exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the color I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat —"

"Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes! loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl, laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear Father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, — looking so young and handsome!"

"Halloa! halloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain, presently."

"*I* think you are, already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him in her glee. "I know you, Father! Ha, ha, ha! I've found you out, you see."

How different the picture in her mind, from Caleb, as he sat observing her! She had spoken of his free step. She was right in that. For years and years, he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but always with a footfall counterfeited for her ear. Never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous!

And as they fell silent, each busy with deep thoughts, Bertha's mind ran from her father to that other figure which had become very dear to the poor blind girl. For Caleb has led her to believe that all his own gifts to her had come from Tackleton, and that the man had always been their generous friend.

"Tell me about our friend, Father, our benefactor," she said. "I am never tired, you know, of hearing about him."

"Of course not," answered Caleb. "And with reason."

"Ah! With how much reason!" cried the blind girl,

with such fervency that Caleb, though his motives were so pure, could not endure to meet her face. He dropped his eyes, as if she could have read in them his innocent deceit; and he knew that she was thinking of the wedding.

"Then tell me again about him, dear Father," said Bertha. "Many times again! His face is benevolent, kind, and tender. Honest and true, I am sure it is. The manly heart that tries to cloak all favors with a show of roughness and unwillingness, beats in its every look and glance."

"And makes it noble," added Caleb in his quiet desperation.

"And makes it noble," cried the blind girl. "He is older than May, Father, whom he is to marry to-morrow morning."

"Ye-es," said Caleb reluctantly. "He's a little older than May."

"I love her, Father; I can love her from my soul!" exclaimed the blind girl. And saying so, she laid her poor blind face on Caleb's shoulder and wept and wept.

"Great Power!" exclaimed the father, smitten at one blow with the truth, "have I deceived her from her cradle, but to break her heart at last!"

IV

The Cricket Brings Good Fortune

The stranger made himself at home with the Peerybingles, and one evening John saw the old man whispering with Dot, as if they had a secret. This made him anxious and unhappy.

Meanwhile every one was talking of the approaching marriage of Mr. Tackleton and May Fielding. Caleb and his blind daughter, as well as the Peerybingles, were unhappy over this marriage. Early on the morning of the wedding day, Caleb and Bertha went to the Peerybingle home, to avoid going to the wedding.

"Bertha couldn't stay at home this morning," said Caleb, as Dot met them on the threshold. "She was afraid, I know, to hear the bells ring, and couldn't trust herself to be so near them on their wedding day. So we started in good time, and came here. I have been thinking of what I have done," he added after a moment's pause; "I have been blaming myself, till I hardly know what to do or where to turn, for the distress of mind I have caused her. I've come to the conclusion that I'd better tell her the truth. I don't know what effect it may have upon her. I don't know what she'll think of me. I don't know that she'll ever care for her poor father afterwards. But it's best for her that she should be undeceived; and I must bear the consequences, as I deserve!"

The old man then slipped to the side of the blind girl, while Dot took the other side and held her hand.

"Bertha, my dear!" said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you; and have been cruel."

She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him and repeated, "Cruel!"

"He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Dot. "You'll say so, presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been, though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me and forgive me! The world you live in doesn't exist as I have represented it. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happier.

"The marriage that takes place to-day," he continued, "is with a stern, sordid, grinding man. A hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years. Ugly in his looks, and in his nature. Cold and callous always. Unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child. In everything."

"Oh, why," cried the blind girl, "why did you ever do this! Why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come in, like death, and tear away the objects of my love! Oh, Heaven, how blind I am! How helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head and offered no reply.

She had been but a short time in this passion of regret, when the Cricket on the Hearth, unheard by all but her, began to chirp — not merrily, but in a low, faint, sorrowing way. It was so mournful that her tears began to flow.

"Dot," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is — what it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare, indeed. The house will scarcely keep out the wind and rain another winter. It is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Dot continued in a low, clear voice, "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."

The blind girl, greatly agitated, rose, and led the carrier's little wife aside. "Those presents that I took such care of, that came almost at my wish and were so dearly welcome to me," she said, trembling; "where did they come from? Did you send them?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

Dot saw she knew already, and was silent. The blind girl spread her hands before her face again, but in quite another manner now.

"Dear Dot, a moment. One moment! More this way. Speak softly to me. You are true, I know. You'd not deceive me now, would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed!"

"No, I am sure you would not. You have too much

pity for me. Look across the room to where we were just now; to where my dear father is — my father, so compassionate and loving to me — and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Dot, who understood her well, "an old man sitting in a chair and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hands, — as if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

"Yes, yes. She will. Go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, dejected, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing. But, Bertha, I have seen him many times before striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object. I honor his gray head and bless him!"

The blind girl broke away from her, and throwing herself upon her knees before her father, took the gray head to her breast.

"It is my sight restored. It is my sight!" she cried. "I have been blind, and now my eyes are open. I never knew him! To think I might have died, and never truly seen the father who has been so loving to me!"

There were no words for Caleb's emotion.

"The fresh, smart father in the blue coat, Bertha," said poor Caleb; "he's gone!"

"Nothing is gone," she answered. "Dearest Father, no! Everything is here — in you. The father that I

loved so well; the father that I never loved enough, and never knew."

Dot, meanwhile, had fallen into a nervous and excited state. "More changes than you think for, may happen, Bertha," she said. "Changes for the better, I mean; changes for great joy to some of us. You mustn't let them startle you too much, if any such should ever happen and affect you. Are those wheels upon the road? You've a quick ear, Bertha. Are they wheels?"

"Yes. Coming very fast."

"I — I — I know you have a quick ear," said Dot, placing her hand upon her heart, and evidently talking on, as fast as she could, to hide its palpitating state, "because I have noticed it often. I said just now, there are great changes in the world, great changes; and we can't do better than prepare ourselves to be surprised at hardly anything."

Caleb wondered what this meant, perceiving that Dot spoke to him, no less than to his daughter. He saw her, with astonishment, so fluttered and distressed that she could scarcely breathe, and holding to a chair to save herself from falling.

"They are wheels, indeed!" she panted. "Coming nearer! Very close! And now you hear them stopping at the garden gate! And now you hear a step outside the door — and now!"

She uttered a wild cry of uncontrollable delight, and running up to Caleb put her hands upon his eyes, as a

young man rushed into the room, and flinging away his hat into the air, came sweeping down upon them.

"Is it over?" cried Dot.

"Yes!"

"Do you recollect the voice, dear Caleb? Did you ever hear the like of it before?" cried Dot.

"If my boy in the Golden South Americas were alive," — said Caleb, trembling.

"He is alive!" shrieked Dot, removing her hands from his eyes, and clapping them in ecstasy. "Look at him! See where he stands before you, healthy and strong! Your own dear son! Your own dear living, loving brother, Bertha!"

All honor to the little creature for her transports! All honor to her tears and laughter when the three were locked in one another's arms! All honor to the heartiness with which she greeted the sunburnt sailor-fellow, with his dark, streaming hair.

The carrier, entering, started back; and well he might, to find himself in such good company.

"Look, John!" said Caleb exultingly, "look here! My own boy from the Golden South Americas! My own son! He whom you fitted out and sent away yourself; he whom you were always such a friend to!"

The carrier advanced to seize him by the hand, but recoiled, as some feature in his face awakened a remembrance of the deaf man in the cart. "Edward!" he said. "Was it you?"

"Now tell him all!" cried Dot. "Tell him all, Edward."

"I was the man," said Edward.

"And could you steal, disguised, into the house of your old friend?" rejoined the carrier. "There was a frank boy once who never would have done that. How many years is it, Caleb, since we heard that he was dead, and had it proved, we thought?"

"There was a generous friend of mine once, more a father to me than a friend," said Edward, "who never would have judged me, or any other man, unheard. You were he. So I am certain you will hear me now."

The carrier, with a troubled glance at Dot, replied, "Well! that's but fair. I will."

"You must know that when I left here a boy," said Edward, "I was in love; and my love was returned. She was a very young girl who perhaps (you may tell me) didn't know her own mind. But I knew mine, and I had a passion for her."

"You had!" exclaimed the carrier. "You!"

"Indeed I had," returned the other. "And she returned it. I have ever since believed she did, and now I am sure she did."

"Heaven help me!" said the carrier. "This is worse than all."

"Constant to her," said Edward, "and returning, full of hope after many hardships and perils, to redeem my part of our old contract, I heard twenty miles away that

she was false to me; that she had forgotten me and had bestowed herself upon another and a richer man. I had no mind to reproach her, but I wished to see her, and to prove beyond dispute that this was true. That I might have the truth, the real truth, observing freely for myself and judging for myself, I dressed myself unlike myself — you know how; and waited on the road — you know where. You had no suspicion of me; neither had — had she," pointing to Dot, "until I whispered in her ear at that fireside."

"But when she knew that Edward was alive and had come back," sobbed Dot, now speaking for herself, as she had burned to do all through this narrative; "and when she knew his purpose, she advised him by all means to keep his secret close, for his old friend John Peerybingle was much too open in his nature, and too clumsy in all artifice — being a clumsy man in general," said Dot, half laughing and half crying, — "to keep it for him. And when she — that's me, John," sobbed the little woman — "told him all, and how his sweetheart had believed him to be dead; and how she had at last been over-persuaded by her mother into a marriage which the silly, dear old thing called advantageous; then she — that's me again — said she would go between them, John, and would sound his sweetheart. And they were brought together, John! And they were married, John, an hour ago! And here's the bride! And Gruff and Tackleton may die a bachelor!"

But now the sound of wheels was heard again outside the door; and somebody exclaimed that Gruff and Tackleton was coming. Speedily that worthy gentleman appeared, looking warm and flustered.

"Why, what's this, John Peerybingle!" said Tackleton. "There's some mistake. I appointed Mrs. Tackleton to meet me at the church, and I'll swear I passed her on the road on her way here. Oh! here she is! I beg your pardon, sir. I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, but if you can do me the favor to spare this young lady, she has rather a particular engagement this morning."

"But I can't spare her," returned Edward. "I couldn't think of it."

"What do you mean, you vagabond?" said Tackleton.

"I mean, that as I can make allowance for your being vexed," returned the other, with a smile, "I am as deaf to harsh discourse this morning, as I was to all discourse last night."

The look that Tackleton bestowed upon him, and the start he gave!

"I am sorry, sir," said Edward, holding out May's left hand, and especially the third finger, "that the young lady can't accompany you to church; but as she has been there once this morning, perhaps you'll excuse her."

Tackleton looked hard at the third finger.

"It was a previous engagement, quite an old engagement, that prevented my wife from keeping her appointment with you, I assure you," said Edward.

"Mr. Tackleton will do me the justice to acknowledge that I revealed it to him faithfully; and that I told him many times I never could forget it," said May, blushing.

"Oh, certainly!" said Tackleton. "Oh, to be sure. Oh, it's all right. It's quite correct. Mrs. Edward Plummer, I infer?"

"That's the name," returned the bridegroom.

"Ah, I shouldn't have known you, sir," said Tackleton, scrutinizing his face narrowly, and making a low bow. "I give you joy, sir! Good morning!" With these words he carried himself off, merely stopping at the door to take the flowers and favors from his horse's head, and to kick that animal once in the ribs as a means of informing him that there was a screw loose in his arrangements.

Of course it became a serious duty now to make such a day of it as should mark these events for a high feast and festival in the Peerybingle calendar for evermore. Accordingly, Dot went to work to produce such an entertainment as should reflect undying honor on the house and every one concerned, and in a very short space of time she was up to her dimpled elbows in flour, and whitening the carrier's coat every time he came near her, by stopping him to give him a kiss. That good fellow washed the greens, and peeled the turnips, and broke the plates, and upset iron pots full of cold water on the fire, and made himself useful in all sorts of ways.

I wouldn't have missed Dot, doing the honors in her wedding gown: my benison on her bright face! No! nor the good carrier, so jovial and so ruddy, at the bottom of the table. Nor the brown, fresh sailor-fellow and his handsome wife; nor any one among them. To have missed the dinner would have been to miss as jolly and as stout a meal as man need eat.

After dinner there was a tap at the door, and a man came staggering in, without saying with your leave or by your leave, with something heavy on his head. Setting this down in the middle of the table, in the center of the nuts and apples, he said, "Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and as he has no use for the cake himself, perhaps you'll eat it." With those words, he walked off.

There was some surprise among the company, as you may imagine. Mrs. Fielding suggested that the cake

was poisoned; but she was overruled, and the cake was cut by May with much ceremony and rejoicing.

I don't think any one had tasted it when there came another tap at the door, and the same man appeared again, having under his arm a vast brown-paper parcel.

"Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and he's sent a few toys for the baby." After the delivery of which expressions, he departed again.

The whole party would have experienced great difficulty in finding words for their astonishment, even if they had had ample time to seek them. But they had none at all, for the messenger had scarcely shut the door when there came another tap, and Tackleton himself walked in.

"Mrs. Peerybingle!" said the toy merchant, hat in hand. "John Peerybingle! I'm sour by disposition, but I can't help being sweetened more or less by coming face to face with such a man as you. Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-night. I have not so much as a cricket on my hearth. I have scared them all away. Be gracious to me; let me join this happy party!"

He was at home in five minutes. You never saw such a fellow. What had he been doing with himself all his life, never to have known before his great capacity of being jovial! Or what had the fairies been doing with him to have effected such a change!

Hark! how the cricket joins the music with its chirp, chirp, chirp; and how the kettle hums!

CHARLES DICKENS

WASHINGTON IRVING

(Born in 1783; died in 1859.)

One day in 1788, in a little bookshop in New York, General Washington was accosted by a Scotch nursemaid with a small boy clinging to her hand. Pushing the lad forward, with a curtsy she said quaintly, "Please, your Honor, here's a bairn was named after you."

The bairn was Washington Irving. It might have surprised "the father of his country" if he had been told, as he smiled and laid his hand on the child's head, that he was giving his blessing to his future biographer. The "biographer" was at that time five years old. Many years afterward he said, "I can feel that hand upon my head even now."

Washington Irving was born in New York City in 1783, about the time that our Revolutionary War came to an end. His father, Peter Irving, was a Scotchman, a stern, just, and God-fearing man, who looked upon the lighter things of the world with some disfavor. The

Irving children were brought up very strictly and were not allowed much time for play. They regarded their father with great respect and a good deal of awe. The mother was of a gentler, merrier nature, and from her Washington Irving must have inherited his playful humor and his kindly, liberal spirit.

There were eleven children in the Irving family, and Washington was the youngest. He was a light-hearted, lovable boy, fond of the sea and ships and docks, and a devourer of books. In his youth he was not considered strong. He did not like to study, and he did not really enjoy going to school. He read everything he could lay his hands on, however, and among his favorite books were *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Arabian Nights*. The styles in boys' books do not change greatly.

He had a great longing to run away from home and go to sea. "So strong did this desire become that, at the age of fourteen, it had nearly ripened into a purpose to elope from home and engage as a sailor. The idea of living on salt pork, which was his abhorrence, was, however, a great drawback to his resolution, but with the courage of a martyr he determined to overcome his dislike, and accordingly he made it his practice to eat it at every opportunity. It was another part of his discipline, by way of preparing for a hard couch, to get up from his bed at night and lie on the bare floor. But the discomforts soon proved too much for his perseverance; with every new trial the pork grew less appetizing, and

the hard floor more hard, until at length his faltering resolution came to a total collapse."

Irving left school at sixteen and began to study law, but his health was poor, and when he was twenty-one his family decided to send him abroad in the hope that the ocean voyage would benefit him. Those were the days of long and tiresome travel by slow sailing vessels and stagecoaches. There were real pirates on the Mediterranean, and Irving could afterwards boast that his ship had actually been held up by some of these roving, black-bearded robbers.

Europe was in the midst of war, and foreigners were everywhere under suspicion. Irving was followed by the French police and was suspected of being an English spy. All this he found very exciting. He was received cordially and entertained in many of the cities he visited. It is said that in some cases his welcome was due to the fact that people thought he was a relative of George Washington.

After a year and a half he came back to New York quite restored in health, took up again the study of law, and was admitted to the bar. He also took some part in local politics. Both law and politics were distasteful to him, but he had not yet thought seriously of literature as a means of livelihood, although he had begun to write a little. With some other young men of the town, he published a paper called *Salmagundi*, whose purpose, they said, was "to instruct the young, inform the old,

correct the town, and castigate the age." It was full of fun and entertained its readers greatly.

Just before this time a learned history of New York had appeared, and Washington Irving and his brother Peter were tempted to imitate it in a mock history of their own. They began the work together, but Peter went abroad before it had gone very far and Washington Irving completed the book. It was called *A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty* and was supposed to have been written by one Diedrich Knickerbocker.

Before the book was published, everybody's curiosity was aroused by notices that appeared in one of the New York papers concerning the mysterious disappearance of "a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat, by the name of Knickerbocker." It was reported that this old gentleman had suddenly dropped out of the world, leaving behind him only some musty books and papers, some saddlebags, and a bundle of manuscript. Due warning was given that if he did not return soon the manuscript would be sold to pay his bills. Many people took this joke seriously; one man was even on the point of offering a reward for the finding of the poor old gentleman.

Naturally when the book appeared, people were eager to read it. Every one expected it to be a learned volume. Imagine their astonishment when they opened it and found instead a piece of humor even more ridiculous than

Salmagundi! The town roared with delight over the comical accounts of "the Van Nests of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of birds' nests," to whom we are "indebted for the invention of slapjacks," and their equally amusing neighbors. Sir Walter Scott, over in Scotland, read the Knickerbocker History aloud to his family and wrote, "Our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing." Thus Irving found himself suddenly famous.

Already, however, he showed the modesty which made an English writer describe him later as "a genial, modest, quiet gentleman, averse to all show or flattery and even half averse to fame." He did not seem to realize even yet that he had the power to earn not only fame but a living by his pen. Instead of devoting himself at once to writing, he went into his brother's importing business, which seemed to be the last thing for which he was fitted.

In 1815 he went abroad again, and he did not return to America for seventeen years. On arriving in England, he found his brother Peter ill and the business in a serious condition. With loyalty and unselfishness, he set to work to straighten out the tangled accounts and put the business once more on its feet. It was not a pleasant occupation, but Irving stuck to it until finally it was plain that nothing could be done to save the business, and in 1818 the Irving brothers declared themselves bankrupt.

It almost seems as if Irving was driven into literature.

His brothers needed his help, and his loyalty to them overcame his modesty. He decided to try to mend the family's fortunes with his pen. The next year he published *The Sketch Book*, which included the story of Rip Van Winkle and the gently humorous sketches of English life. The book had great success and from that time Irving's fame was established.

He was received throughout Europe with the greatest honor. Indeed he became in Europe one of the best known men of America. It was said that an English woman in an Italian art gallery reproved her daughter for not recognizing the bust of George Washington as that of the man who wrote *The Sketch Book*.

Not only the general public but all the well-known literary men of the day acknowledged Irving's genius and were glad to claim his friendship. He was on especially cordial terms with Scott, and in his letters he has told about a pleasant visit to the bard's home.

One of the most interesting periods of Irving's life abroad was the time spent in Spain, where he pored over old Spanish papers and gathered material for his charming stories of the old Moors and the Spaniards. For a time he lived in a part of the old Moorish castle, the Alhambra, and he has given this name to one of his books.

In 1832 he returned to America, where he was received with ovations which, needless to say, he took pains to avoid as far as possible. He never cared for public

dinners and he detested making after-dinner speeches. Political honors were the last things he desired. He had already declined several government positions, and now he was called upon to refuse nominations for Congress and for the mayoralty of New York City and a place in the President's cabinet. He accepted in his later life an appointment as minister to Spain and filled the position with honor to himself and the United States.

The last of Irving's life, with the exception of the few years in Spain, was spent at Sunnyside, his Dutch cottage at Tarrytown on the Hudson. There, with some of his brothers and their children about him, the days passed very happily and quietly, with now and then a visit from a pilgrim who came to honor him.

One of his last works was the *Life of Washington.* It seems especially fitting that he should have written a life of the man whom he had always admired so much and for whom he was named. It seems fitting also that the namesake of "the father of his country" should be called "the father of American literature." Surely no one is more worthy of the title than the man who gave us Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle for our inheritance. No American author before Irving had given to literature writings of such charm and lasting appeal as his. No other American writer had been received on both sides of the Atlantic with such respect and admiration.

Irving has himself given us his writing creed: "If,

however, I can by a lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written in vain."

It seems as if Irving took this creed not only for his writing but for his life. Every one who knew him felt his charm. He was courteous, honorable, gentle, and generous. All his life he hated flattery and he never ceased to be surprised at his own fame. For the greater part of his life he struggled with ill health uncomplainingly. When his brothers or friends were in trouble, he never failed to give them his loyal help. He treated all men with gentle courtesy, and the world was happier for his having lived in it.

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON IRVING

Telling of his visit to Sir Walter Scott in August, 1817.

I had come from Edinburgh, partly to visit Melrose Abbey and its vicinity, but chiefly to get a sight of the "mighty minstrel of the north." I had a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Campbell, the poet, and had reason to think, from the interest he had taken in some of my earlier scribblings, that a visit from me would not be deemed an intrusion.

On the following morning I set off in a postchaise for the abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford and sent the postilion to the house with the letter of introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to him to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning. The noise of the vehicle had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle — a black greyhound — and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, "both puppy, mongrel, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree," all open-mouthed and vociferous.

In a little while the "lord of the castle" himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the descriptions I had read and heard and the likenesses I had seen of him. He was tall and of a large and powerful frame; his dress was simple, almost rustic — an old green shooting coat, with a dog whistle at the buttonhole; brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of the most grave deportment, taking no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seeming to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous recep-

tion. Before Scott had reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford.

I soon felt myself quite at home and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly.

"You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper," said Scott. "It takes several days of study for an observant traveler that has a relish for auld-world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey. I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to; but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in; and he and my friend, Johnny Bower, will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin well worth your seeing." In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days; and it seemed as if a little realm of romance had opened suddenly before me.

On the following morning the sun darted his beams from over the hills through the low lattice window. I rose at an early hour and looked out between the branches

of eglantine which overhung the casement. To my surprise, Scott was already up and forth, seated on a fragment of stone chatting with the workmen employed on the new building.

During several days that I passed there, Scott was in admirable vein. From early morn until dinnertime he was rambling about with me; no time was reserved for himself. It seemed as if his only occupation was to entertain me, and yet I was almost an entire stranger to him — one of whom he knew nothing but an idle book I had written, and which some years before had amused him. But such was Scott.

The conversation of my host was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. At the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave in his anecdotes and stories; he relished a joke or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. It was delightful to observe the generous spirit in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries. In fine, I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit.

PETER STUYVESANT

I

Peter Stuyvesant was the last and the best of our ancient Dutch governors. To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice. He was, in truth, a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy, rawboned make like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide), when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and he possessed an iron aspect which was enough of itself to make his adversaries quake with terror and dismay.

All his martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil has graced any of his heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together. Indeed, so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.

He was somewhat subject to bursts of passion, which were rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken by anointing their shoulders with his walking staff.

True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner; but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws, but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced; and I do not know but justice, on the whole, was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind that he never sought or accepted the advice of others, depending bravely upon his single head, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right, for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought.

He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape; but to dash forward through thick and thin, trusting, by hook or by crook, to make all things straight

From an old print

PETER STUYVESANT

in the end. In a word, he possessed in an eminent degree that great quality in a statesman, called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar.

This much is certain: that a ruler who follows his own will pleases himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. There is nothing, too, like putting down one's foot resolutely, when in doubt, and letting things take their course. The clock that stands still points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours, while others may keep going continually and be continually going wrong.

The good people of Niew Nederlands were so much struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new governor, that they universally called him Hard-Koppig Piet, or Peter the Headstrong — a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

If from all that I have said thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art dull at drawing conclusions.

II

Feeling a hunger for martial glory, Peter Stuyvesant intended to conquer all New Sweden; and having captured one fort, he stumped resolutely on to gather fresh laurels at Fort Christina. This was the grand Swedish post, stationed on a small river of the same name. There the crafty governor, Jan Risingh, lay grimly drawn up, like a gray-bearded spider in the citadel of his web.

Before we hurry into the scenes which must attend the meeting of two such chieftains, it is advisable to pause for a moment and hold a kind of warlike council. Here, as historian, I have one great advantage over my reader; namely, that, though I cannot save the life of my favorite hero, nor absolutely contradict the event of a battle, yet I can now and then make him bestow on his enemy a sturdy back-stroke sufficient to fell a giant, — though, in honest truth, he may never have done anything of the kind.

I am aware that many conscientious readers will be ready to cry out "Foul play!" whenever I render a little assistance to my hero, but I consider it one of those privileges exercised by historians of all ages, and one which has never been disputed. An historian is, in fact, as it were, bound in honor to stand by his hero. The fame of the hero is intrusted to his hands, and it is his duty to do the best by it he can.

And now the mighty chieftains marshaled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks — incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiers lined the breastworks in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased and his hair queued stiffly.

There came on the intrepid Peter — his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clenched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire, Van Corlear, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembrances of the fair ladies at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson — all fortified with a mighty dinner, and, to use the words of a great Dutch poet,

"Brimful of wrath and cabbage."

The mighty Peter, lugging out his trusty saber, brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound a charge, and shouting the words, "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covertway,

until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley that the very hills quaked around. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful fire, had not the Swedes, one and all, observed their usual custom of shutting their eyes and turning away their heads at the moment of discharge.

Now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missiles. Bang! went the guns; whack! went the broadswords; thump! went the cudgels; crash! went the musket-stocks. Blows, kicks, cuffs, scratches, black eyes, and bloody noses swelled the horrors of the scene! Thick thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head-over-heels, rough-and-tumble!

"Dunder and blixum!" swore the Dutchmen.

"Splitter and splutter!" cried the Swedes.

"Storm the works!" shouted Hardkoppig Peter.

"Fire the mine!" roared stout Risingh.

"Tanta-rar-ra-ra!" twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear; until all voice and sound became unintelligible, — grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one hideous clamor. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke; trees shrunk aghast and withered at the sight; rocks burrowed in the

ground like rabbits; and even Christina creek turned from its course and ran up a hill in breathless terror!

At length the Swedes gave way, the Dutch pressed forward; the former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued. Some entered with them, pell-mell, through the sally-port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side.

Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant; and it was declared, by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition, that, on this memorable day, he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom.

WASHINGTON IRVING

WOLFERT WEBBER, OR GOLDEN DREAMS

I

In the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and — blank — for I do not remember the precise date; however, it was somewhere in the early part of the last century, there lived in the ancient city of the Manhattoes a worthy burgher, Wolfert Webber by name. He was descended from old Cobus Webber of the Brill in Holland, one of the original settlers, famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages.

The field in which Cobus Webber first planted himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in the family, who continued in the same line of husbandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for which our Dutch burghers are noted. The whole family genius, during several generations, was devoted to the study and development of this one noble vegetable; and to this fact may doubtless be ascribed the renown to which the Webber cabbages attained.

Quietly and comfortably the excellent family of Webbers vegetated under the shade of a mighty buttonwood tree, which by little and little grew so great as entirely to overshadow their palace. The city gradually spread its suburbs round their domain. The rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the bustle and populousness of streets. In short, with all the habits of rustic life

they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city.

Wolfert had taken unto himself a helpmate, one of that excellent kind, called stirring women; that is to say, she was one of those notable little housewives who are always busy when there is nothing to do. Her activity, however, took one particular direction; her whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting. Whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her needles were continually in motion, and it is even affirmed that by her industry she very nearly supplied her household with stockings throughout the year.

This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and care. Uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way, make all kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler. The influence of her taste was also seen in the family garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful. Whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage beds; and gigantic sunflowers lolled their broad, jolly faces over the fences.

Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peacefully and contentedly. Not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually

became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. He was now and then subjected to the irruptions of the border population that infest the streets of a metropolis, who would make midnight forays into his dominions and carry off captive whole platoons of his noblest subjects.

The chief cause of anxiety to honest Wolfert was the growing prosperity of the city. The expenses of living doubled and trebled, but he could not double and treble the magnitude of his cabbages, and the number of competitors prevented the increase of price. Thus, therefore, while every one around him grew richer, Wolfert grew poorer, and he could not, for the life of him, perceive how the evil was to be remedied.

Perhaps even this would not have materially disturbed the serenity of his mind, had he had only himself and his wife to care for; but there was his daughter gradually growing up. Amy had now attained her seventeenth year, and a new visitor had begun to make his appearance under the roof of Wolfert Webber. This was Dirk Waldron, the only son of a poor widow.

This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty, gathered up the mother's knitting needle or ball of worsted when it fell to the ground, stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat, and replenished the teapot for the daughter from the bright copper kettle that sang before the fire.

All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but when true love is translated into Low Dutch, it is in this way that it eloquently expresses itself. They were not lost on the Webber family. The winning youngster found marvelous favor in the eyes of the mother. The tortoise-shell cat gave signs of approbation of his visits. The teakettle seemed to sing out a cheering note of welcome at his approach. And if the sly glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame Webber, or grimalkin, or the teakettle, in good will.

Wolfert was a kind father, but he was a prudent man. The young man was a lively, stirring lad; but then he had neither money nor land. Wolfert's ideas all ran in one channel; and he saw no alternative in case of a marriage but to portion off the young couple with a corner of his cabbage garden, the whole of which was barely sufficient for the support of his family. Like a prudent father, therefore, he determined to nip this passion in the bud, and forbade the youngster the house; though sorely did it go against his fatherly heart, and many a silent tear did it cause in the bright eye of his daughter.

Wolfert was deeply cogitating these matters in his mind, and his brow was wrinkled with unusual care, as he wended his way one Saturday afternoon to a rural inn, about two miles from the city. It was a favorite

resort of the Dutch part of the community, from being always held by a Dutch line of landlords and retaining an air and relish of the good old times.

It was on a blustering autumnal afternoon that Wolfert made his visit to the inn. The grove of elms and willows was stripped of its leaves, which whirled in rustling eddies about the fields. The nine-pin alley was deserted, for the chilliness of the day had driven the company within doors.

Beside the fireplace, in a huge leather-bottomed armchair, sat the dictator of this little world, the venerable Rem, or, as it was pronounced, Ramm Rap'el ye. He was a man of Walloon race and illustrious for the antiquity of his line, his great-grandmother having been the first white child born in the province. But he was still more illustrious for his wealth and dignity; he had long filled the noble office of alderman and was a man to whom the governor himself took off his hat.

"This will be a rough night for the poor money-diggers," said mine host, as a gust of wind howled round the house and rattled at the windows.

"What! are they at their works again?" said an English half-pay captain with one eye, who was a very frequent attendant at the inn.

"Aye, they are," said the landlord, "and well may they be. They've had luck of late. They say a great pot of money has been dug up in the fields, just behind Stuyvesant's orchard. Folks think it must have been

buried there in old times by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor."

"Fudge!" said the one-eyed man of war.

"Well, you may believe it or not as you please," said mine host, somewhat nettled; "but everybody knows that the old governor buried a great deal of his money at the time of the Dutch troubles, when the English redcoats seized on the province. They say, too, the old gentleman walks: aye, and in the very same dress that he wears in the picture that hangs up in the family house."

"Fudge!" said the half-pay officer.

"Fudge, if you please! But didn't Corney Van Zandt see him at midnight, stalking about in the meadow with his wooden leg, and a drawn sword in his hand, that flashed like fire? And what can he be walking for, but because people have been troubling the place where he buried his money in old times?"

The conversation was now taken up by Peechy Prauw Van Hook, the chronicler of the club, one of those prosing, narrative old men. Peechy could, at any time, tell as many stories in an evening as his hearers could digest in a month. He now affirmed that, to his knowledge, money had at different times been dug up in various parts of the island. The lucky persons who had discovered these treasures had always dreamt of them three times beforehand, and what was worthy of remark, they had never been found but by some descendant of the

good old Dutch families, which clearly proved that they had been buried by Dutchmen in the olden time.

"Fiddlestick with your Dutchmen!" cried the half-pay officer. "The Dutch had nothing to do with them. They were all buried by Kidd the pirate, and his crew."

II

Not a word of the conversation at the inn was lost upon Wolfert Webber. He returned pensively home, full of magnificent ideas. The soil of his native island seemed to be turned into gold dust, and every field to teem with treasure. His head almost reeled at the thought how often he must have heedlessly rambled over places where countless sums lay, scarcely covered by the turf beneath his feet. His mind was in an uproar with this whirl of new ideas.

"Unlucky Wolfert!" exclaimed he. "Others can go to bed and dream themselves into whole mines of wealth. They have but to seize a spade in the morning and turn up doubloons like potatoes; but thou must dream of hardships and rise to poverty — must dig thy field from year's end to year's end and yet raise nothing but cabbages."

Wolfert Webber went to bed with a heavy heart, and it was long before the golden visions that disturbed his brain permitted him to sink into repose. The same visions, however, extended into his sleeping thoughts

and assumed a more definite form. He dreamt that he had discovered an immense treasure in the center of his garden. At every stroke of the spade he laid bare a golden ingot; diamond crosses sparkled out of the dust.

Wolfert awoke a poorer man than ever. He had no heart to go about his daily concerns, which appeared so paltry and profitless, but sat all day long in the chimney corner, picturing to himself ingots and heaps of gold in the fire. The next night his dream was repeated. He was again in his garden, digging and laying open stores of hidden wealth. There was something very singular in this repetition.

He passed another day of reverie, and though it was cleaning day, and the house, as usual in Dutch households, completely topsy-turvy, yet he sat unmoved amidst the general uproar.

The third night he went to bed with a palpitating heart. He put on his red nightcap wrong side outwards, for good luck. It was deep midnight before his anxious mind could settle itself into sleep. Again the golden dream was repeated, and again he saw his garden teeming with ingots and moneybags.

Wolfert rose the next morning in complete bewilderment. A dream, three times repeated, was never known to lie; and if so, his fortune was made.

In his agitation he put on his waistcoat with the hind part before, and this was an omen of good luck. He no

longer doubted that a huge store of money lay buried somewhere in his cabbage field, coyly waiting to be sought for; and he repined at having so long been scratching about the surface of the soil instead of digging to the center. He took his seat at the breakfast table full of these speculations; asked his daughter to put a lump of gold into his tea, and on handing his wife a plate of slapjacks, begged her to help herself to a doubloon.

His grand care now was how to secure this immense treasure without its being known. Instead of working regularly in his grounds in the daytime, he now stole from his bed at night, and with spade and pickax went to work to rip up and dig about his paternal acres, from one end to the other. In a little time the whole garden, which had presented such a goodly and regular appearance, like a vegetable army in battle array, was reduced to a scene of devastation; while the relentless Wolfert, with nightcap on head and lantern and spade in hand, stalked through the slaughtered ranks, the destroying angel of his own vegetable world.

Every morning bore testimony to the ravages of the preceding night in cabbages of all ages and conditions, from the tender sprout to the full-grown head, piteously rooted from their quiet beds like worthless weeds and left to wither in the sunshine. In vain Wolfert's wife remonstrated; in vain his darling daughter wept over the destruction of some favorite marigold. "Thou shalt have gold of another sort," he would cry, chucking

her under the chin. "Thou shalt have a string of crooked ducats for thy wedding necklace, my child."

His family began really to fear that the poor man's wits were diseased. He muttered in his sleep at night about mines of wealth, about pearls and diamonds and bars of gold. In the daytime he was moody and abstracted, and walked about as if in a trance. Dame Webber held frequent councils with all the old women of the neighborhood. Scarce an hour in the day but a knot of them might be seen wagging their white caps together round her door, while the poor woman made some piteous recital.

In the meantime Wolfert went on digging and digging; but the field was extensive, and as his dream had indicated no precise spot, he had to dig at random. The winter set in before one tenth of the scene of promise had been explored. The ground became frozen hard, and the nights too cold for the labors of the spade.

No sooner, however, did the returning warmth of spring loosen the soil, and the small frogs begin to pipe in the meadows, but Wolfert resumed his labors with renovated zeal. Still the hours of industry were reversed. Instead of working cheerily all day, planting and setting out his vegetables, he remained thoughtfully idle until the shades of night summoned him to his secret labors. In this way he continued to dig from night to night, and week to week, and month to month, but not a stiver did he find. On the contrary, the more he dug,

the poorer he grew. The rich soil of his garden was dug away, and the sand and gravel from beneath was thrown to the surface until the whole field presented an aspect of sandy barrenness.

Wolfert gradually woke from his dream of wealth as the year declined. He had reared no crop for the supply of his household during the winter. The season was long and severe, and for the first time the family was really straitened in its comforts. By degrees a revulsion of thought took place in Wolfert's mind, common to those whose golden dreams have been disturbed by pinching realities. The idea gradually stole upon him that he should come to want. He already considered himself one of the most unfortunate men in the province, having lost such a vast amount of undiscovered treasure, and now, when thousands of pounds eluded his search, to be perplexed for shillings and pence was cruel in the extreme.

Haggard care gathered about his brow. He went about with a money-seeking air, his eyes bent downwards into the dust, and carrying his hands in his pockets, as men are apt to do when they have nothing else to put into them. He could not even pass the city almshouse without giving it a rueful glance, as if it were destined to be his future abode.

III

Wolfert Webber returned one day to the inn, where he found his old friends still talking about buried treasure. They told a strange tale of Black Sam, a fisherman, who in his youth had seen five men burying a great chest on a lonely island in the river.

Wolfert secretly visited Black Sam and arranged that on a certain night they should go to the place where the chest had been hidden. He told his plans to his friend Dr. Knipperhausen, who was eager to join in the search.

At length the appointed night arrived for the perilous undertaking. Before Wolfert left his home, he counseled his wife and daughter to go to bed and feel no alarm if he should not return during the night. Like reasonable women, on being told not to feel alarm they fell immediately into a panic. They saw at once by his manner that something unusual was in agitation. All their fears about the unsettled state of his mind were revived with tenfold force. They hung about him, entreating him not to expose himself to the night air, but all in vain. When once Wolfert was mounted on his hobby, it was no easy matter to get him out of the saddle.

It was a clear starlight night when he issued out of the portal of the Webber palace. He wore a large flapped hat tied under the chin with a handkerchief of his daughter's to secure him from the night damp, and Dame Webber had thrown her long red cloak about his shoulders

and fastened it round his neck. The doctor had been no less carefully armed by his housekeeper. He sallied forth in his camlet robe, a thick clasped book under his arm, and a basket of drugs and dried herbs in one hand.

The church clock struck ten as Wolfert and the doctor passed by the churchyard, and the watchman bawled in hoarse voice a long and doleful "All's well!" A deep sleep had already fallen upon this primitive little burgh. Nothing disturbed this awful silence, excepting now and then the bark of some night-walking dog or the serenade of some romantic cat. It is true, Wolfert fancied more than once that he heard the sound of a stealthy footfall at a distance behind them; but it might have been merely the echo of their own steps along the quiet streets. He thought also at one time that he saw a tall figure skulking after them — stopping when they stopped, and moving on as they proceeded; but the dim and uncertain lamplight threw such vague gleams and shadows that this might all have been mere fancy.

They found the old fisherman waiting for them, smoking his pipe in the stern of the skiff, which was moored just in front of his little cabin. Thus then did these three worthies embark in their cockleshell of a skiff upon this nocturnal expedition, with a wisdom and valor equaled only by the three wise men of Gotham who adventured to sea in a bowl. The tide was rising and running rapidly up the Sound. The current bore them along, almost without the aid of an oar.

They had not proceeded far when they heard the low sounds of distant oars, as if cautiously pulled. Sam plied his oars with redoubled vigor, and knowing all the eddies and currents of the stream, soon left their followers, if such they were, far astern. In a little while they stretched across Turtle Bay and Kip's Bay, then shrouded themselves in the deep shadows of the Manhattan shore, and glided swiftly along, secure from observation. At length the fisherman shot his skiff into a little cove, darkly embowered by trees.

They now landed, and lighting the lantern, gathered their various implements and proceeded slowly through the bushes. Every sound startled them, even that of their own footsteps among the dry leaves; and the hooting of a screech owl, from the shattered chimney of a neighboring ruin, made their blood run cold.

It was some time before they could find the open place among the trees, where the treasure was supposed to be buried. At length they came to the ledge of rock; and on examining its surface by the aid of the lantern, Wolfert recognized three mystic crosses. Their hearts beat quick, for the momentous trial was at hand that was to determine their hopes.

"This is the spot!" said the doctor, in an almost inaudible tone.

Wolfert's heart was in his throat.

"Shall I dig?" said the negro, grasping the spade.

"Zounds, no!" replied the little doctor hastily. He

then drew a circle about the place, enough to include the whole party. He next gathered dry twigs and leaves and made a fire, upon which he threw certain drugs and dried herbs which he had brought in his basket.

He then ordered Sam to seize the pickax and proceed to work. The close-bound soil gave obstinate signs of not having been disturbed for many a year; but after having picked his way through the surface, Sam came to a bed of sand and gravel, which he threw briskly to right and left with the spade.

"Hark!" said Wolfert, who fancied he heard a trampling among the dry leaves and a rustling through the bushes. Sam paused for a moment, and they listened. No footstep was near. A bat flitted by them in silence. A bird, roused from its roost by the light which glared up among the trees, flew circling about the flame. In the profound stillness of the woodland, they could distinguish the current rippling along the rocky shore and the distant roaring of Hell Gate.

Sam continued his labors and had already dug a considerable hole. The doctor stood on the edge, reading every now and then from his black-letter volume, or throwing more drugs and herbs upon the fire; while Wolfert bent anxiously over the pit, watching every stroke of the spade.

At length the spade of the fisherman struck upon something that sounded hollow. The sound vibrated to Wolfert's heart. The spade struck again.

"'Tis a chest," said Sam.

"Full of gold, I'll warrant it!" cried Wolfert, clasping his hands with rapture.

Scarcely had he uttered the words when a sound from above caught his ear. He cast up his eyes, and lo! by the expiring light of the fire he beheld, just over the disk of the rock, what appeared to be the grim visage of a buccaneer, grinning hideously down upon him.

Wolfert gave a loud cry and let fall the lantern. His panic communicated itself to his companions. Sam leaped out of the hole. The doctor dropped his book and basket, and began to pray in German. All was horror and confusion. The fire was scattered about, the lantern extinguished. In their hurry-scurry they ran against and confounded one another. They fancied a legion of hobgoblins let loose upon them and that they saw, by the fitful gleams of the scattered embers, strange figures in red caps gibbering and ramping around them.

The doctor ran one way, Sam another, and Wolfert made for the water-side. As he attempted to let himself down the face of the cliff, his cloak caught in a thorn that grew on the edge. He was jerked from off his feet and held dangling in the air, half-choked by the string with which his careful wife had fastened the garment around his neck.

Wolfert thought his last moment was arrived. Already he had committed his soul to St. Nicholas, when the string broke and he tumbled down the bank, bumping

from rock to rock and bush to bush, and leaving the red cloak fluttering like a bloody banner in the air.

It was a long while before Wolfert came to himself. When he opened his eyes, the ruddy streaks of morning were already shooting up the sky. He found himself grievously battered, and lying in the bottom of a boat. He attempted to sit up but was too sore and stiff to move. A voice requested him in friendly accents to lie still. He turned his eyes towards the speaker; it was Dirk Waldron. He had dogged the party, at the earnest request of Dame Webber and her daughter, who, with the laudable curiosity of their sex, had pried into the secret consultations of Wolfert and the doctor. Dirk had been completely distanced in following the light skiff of the fisherman, and had just come in time to rescue the poor money-digger after his fall.

Thus ended this perilous enterprise. The doctor and Black Sam severally found their way back to the Manhattoes, each having some dreadful tale of peril to relate. As to poor Wolfert, instead of returning in triumph laden with bags of gold, he was borne home on a shutter, followed by a rabble-rout of curious urchins. His wife and daughter saw the dismal pageant from a distance and alarmed the neighborhood with their cries. Finding him still living, they had him speedily to bed, and a jury of old matrons of the neighborhood assembled to determine how he should be doctored.

The whole town was a-buzz with the story of the

money-diggers. Many repaired to the scene of the previous night's adventures; but though they found the very place of the digging, they discovered nothing that compensated them for their trouble. Some say they found the fragments of an oaken chest and an iron pot-lid, which savored strongly of hidden money; and that in the old family vault there were traces of bales and boxes, but this is all very dubious.

In fact, the secret of all this story has never to this day been discovered. Whether any treasure was ever actually buried at that place; whether, if so, it was carried off at night by those who had buried it; or whether it still remains there under the guardianship of gnomes and spirits until it shall be properly sought for, is all matter of conjecture.

IV

While all the gossip world was filled with talk and rumor, poor Wolfert lay sick and sorrowful in his bed, bruised in body and sorely beaten down in mind. His wife and daughter did all they could to bind up his wounds, both corporal and spiritual. The good old dame never stirred from his bedside, where she sat knitting from morning till night, while his daughter busied herself about him with the fondest care.

Nor did they lack assistance from abroad. Whatever may be said of the desertion of friends in distress, they had no complaint of the kind to make. Not an old

wife of the neighborhood but abandoned her work to crowd to the mansion of Wolfert Webber, to inquire after his health and the particulars of his story. Not one came, moreover, without her little pipkin of penny-royal, sage, balm, or other herb tea, delighted at an opportunity of showing her kindness and her doctorship.

What drenchings did not the poor Wolfert undergo, and all in vain! It was a moving sight to behold him wasting away day by day; growing thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier, and staring with rueful visage from under an old patchwork counterpane, upon the jury of matrons kindly assembled to sigh and groan and look unhappy around him.

Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning. He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and tried to reanimate the expiring heart of the poor money-digger, but it was all in vain. Wolfert was completely done over.

If anything was wanting to complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him in the midst of his distress, that the corporation was about to run a new street through the very center of his cabbage garden. He now saw nothing before him but poverty and ruin. His last reliance, the garden of his forefathers, was to be laid waste, and what then was to become of his poor wife and child?

His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron was

seated beside him. Wolfert grasped his hand, pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since his illness, broke the silence he had maintained.

"I am going!" said he, shaking his head feebly, "and when I am gone — my poor daughter —"

"Leave her to me, Father!" said Dirk manfully. "I'll take care of her."

Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strapping youngster and saw there was none better able to take care of a woman.

"Enough," said he — "she is yours! And now fetch me a lawyer — let me make my will and die."

The lawyer was brought — a dapper, bustling, round-headed little man, Roorback (or Rollebuck, as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him, the women broke into loud lamentations, for they looked upon the signing of a will as the signing of a death warrant.

Wolfert made a feeble motion for them to be silent. Poor Amy buried her face and her grief in the bed curtain. Dame Webber resumed her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed itself, however, in a pellucid tear which trickled silently down and hung at the end of her peaked nose; while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the family, played with the good dame's ball of worsted as it rolled about the floor.

Wolfert lay on his back, his nightcap drawn over his forehead, his eyes closed, his whole visage the picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief, for he felt his

end approaching and that he had no time to lose. The lawyer nibbed his pen, spread out his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert faintly, "my small farm —"

"What — all!" exclaimed the lawyer.

Wolfert half opened his eyes and looked upon the lawyer.

"Yes — all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh and sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little lawyer, chuckling and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again opening his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!" cried little Rollebuck.

The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from the threshold of existence. His eyes again lighted up; he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his red worsted nightcap, and stared broadly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other. "Why, when that great field and that huge meadow come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building lots, why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patroon!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half thrusting one leg out of bed. "Why, then I think I'll not make my will yet!"

To the surprise of everybody, the dying man actually recovered. The vital spark, which had glimmered faintly in the socket, received fresh fuel from the oil of gladness which the little lawyer poured into his soul. It once more burnt up into a flame.

Give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man! In a few days Wolfert left his room. In a few days more his table was covered with deeds, plans of streets, and building lots. Little Rollebuck was constantly with him, his right-hand man and adviser; and instead of making his will, assisted in the more agreeable task of making his fortune.

In fact, Wolfert Webber was one of those worthy Dutch burghers of the Manhattoes whose fortunes have been made, in a manner, in spite of themselves; who have held on to their hereditary acres, raising turnips and cabbages about the skirts of the city, hardly able to make both ends meet, until the corporation has cruelly driven streets through their abodes, and they have suddenly awakened and, to their astonishment, found themselves rich men.

Before many months had elapsed, a great bustling street passed through the very center of the Webber garden, just where Wolfert had dreamed of finding a treasure. His golden dream was accomplished. He did, indeed, find an unlooked-for source of wealth; for when

his paternal lands were distributed into building lots and rented out to safe tenants, instead of producing a paltry crop of cabbages, they returned him an abundant crop of rent; insomuch that on quarter-day it was a goodly sight to see his tenants knocking at the door, from morning till night, each with a little round bag of money, a golden produce of the soil.

The ancient mansion of his forefathers was kept up; but instead of being a little yellow-fronted Dutch house in a garden, it now stood boldly in the midst of a street, the grand home of the neighborhood; for Wolfert enlarged it with a wing on each side, and a cupola or tea-room on top, where he might climb up and smoke his pipe in hot weather.

As Wolfert waxed old, and rich, and corpulent, he also set up a great gingerbread-colored carriage, drawn by a pair of black Flanders mares, with tails that swept the ground; and to commemorate the origin of his greatness, he had for his crest a full-blown cabbage painted on the panels, with the motto *Alles Kopf*, that is to say, All Head; meaning thereby that he had risen by sheer headwork.

To fill the measure of his greatness, in the fulness of time Wolfert Webber succeeded to the leather-bottomed armchair in the inn parlor at Corlaer's Hook, where he long reigned greatly honored and respected, insomuch that he was never known to tell a story without its being believed, nor to utter a joke without its being laughed at.

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

To the Teacher. In the sixth grade provision should be made for the following types of reading:

I. Oral Reading at Sight. The problem here is to give thought to others through the oral expression of the author's ideas. The reading material must be sufficiently easy to allow pupils to read fluently without previous study.

II. Extensive Reading. Chiefly silent and during the study period. After these periods of silent reading, the teacher should test pupils in some way to ascertain if the silent reading exercise has resulted in the pupil's getting the thought of the writer.

III. Intensive Reading. A combination of silent and oral reading. In intensive reading, the silent reading and the study of the selection are directed by the teacher through stimulating and thought-provoking questions. This must necessarily be followed by an oral reading exercise in order that the teacher may assist pupils in forming correct reading habits and may discover the features of the work that need strengthening.

The teacher's aims should be

1. To see that the child gets the thought or feeling of the selection.
2. To cultivate in him an appreciation of its literary merits.
3. To relate it to his own observations and experience.
4. In oral reading, to secure distinct enunciation and suitable expression.

Though the teacher cannot emphasize all of these aims in any one lesson, the work should be so planned that there will be frequent attention to each of them.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO METHOD

1. *To get the thought.*

The teacher should have in mind the dominant thought of the selection and should ask such questions as will bring it out and impress it upon the children. This main idea should not be lost sight of by too much attention to minor points, such as the meaning of words.

Most of the selections can be divided into episodes, which should be considered singly at first, and then in their relation to the whole. The teacher should endeavor to build up a clear mental picture of each episode in turn.

For example, the poem, "The Inchcape Rock" (p. 105) may be divided into three parts:

1. The scene of the Inchcape Rock.
2. The cutting away of the bell by Ralph the Rover.
3. The fate of the pirate, due to his own act.

In the first scene or episode, the children should construct a mental image of the bell and its surroundings, using not only the few details mentioned by the poet, but also adding many others, as the distant shore, the monastery on a high cliff, and the sea gulls.

"Richard and the Nubian Slave" (p. 204) contains these episodes:

1. The slave comes as a present to Richard from Saladin.
2. The slave, by devoting himself to his new duties, is enabled to thwart an attempt on his master's life.
3. The saving of the slave's life by Richard teaches a lesson of service and humility.

2. *To cultivate a taste for literary excellence.*

There are certain qualities of style, characteristic of great writers, which are easily within the capacity of children to enjoy and appreciate. Attention should be called to pleasing word-pictures, humorous allusions, striking epithets, and, in general, to any felicitous expression.

3. *To relate reading to life.*

The reading lesson has not performed its full mission until the ideas conveyed have become the child's very own. Many selections should be used as the basis of conversation, to call up related incidents that have come under the child's observation. This should apply not alone to selections that deal with nature and natural phenomena, but to those which convey ideals of conduct.

4. *To secure good technique.*

One of the best ways to stimulate the child's efforts to enunciate well is to make him feel that this, in and of itself, is a highly desirable accomplishment. Reading for expression should not be a formal matter. The aim should be to develop so clear a mental picture of the situation that the child will see it and feel himself a part of it. He will then strive to express himself adequately. By questions that stimulate the imagination, the best expression is secured, rather than by questions on inflection and emphasis.

Page 7. Abdallah, Son of the Desert. The *Bedouins* are a wandering people found in the deserts of Arabia. They are liberty-loving, brave, restless, hospitable. Which of these traits does Abdallah show? This selection might be called "Perseverance Rewarded." What evidence is there that the Bedouins are not usually patient and persevering? What education is appropriate for a son of the desert?

Mecca and *Medina* are the sacred cities of Arabia. Mohammed, the founder of their religion, was born at Mecca and buried at Medina, and every Mohammedan hopes some time to visit these cities. Show in what way the stranger's ideas were different from those of the Bedouins. How did the work of Abdallah make him a true son of the desert? Where, in this selection, does it say that courage is more common than wisdom? That the victories of peace are greater than those of war? That there are wonderful things all around us which we do not notice because they are so common? Show how Abdallah proved that passage of Scripture which says, " Be not forgetful to entertain strangers : for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Show how he proved the saying, " The darkest hour is just before the dawn."

What is the climax, or highest point, of the story? Read orally the part where Hafiz is at the edge and Abdallah in the well; read as dramatically as you can ; that is, read it as you think they spoke.

Page 16. The Hero. Henry Jerome Stockard (1858–19—) was a native of North Carolina and for some time was professor of English and President of Peace Institute in Raleigh. He wrote many delightful poems.

Which of these verses would describe Columbus, Washington, Peary, Livingstone? If you do not know these heroes, look them up, for they each did wonderful things. Do you know of any great character who would be described by the last stanza? *Pales* means regions.

Page 17. Don Quixote. Miguel de Cervantes (1547–1616) was a Spanish soldier, poet, dramatist, and novelist, who gained a place among the great writers of the world by his masterpiece, *Don Quixote.*

When you have read this story, read again, to refresh your memory, the story of Arthur and his knights in the Merrill Fourth Reader. Which story makes knight-errantry noble and attractive? Which one makes it ridiculous? In the hundreds of years between King Arthur and Don Quixote many changes came about in the aims and practices of knighthood. Men lost their faith in enchantment. The use of cannon and gunpowder made castles and suits of armor almost useless. Better laws and better government protected the old and the helpless from injustice.

You will hear of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza all your life. After the story of Quixote and his squire had been laughed at, all over Europe, can you wonder that people said, " Knight-errantry is dead "? You will enjoy reading Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court,* which is on much the same subject and equally full of fun.

Don, a title in Spain, was formerly given only to noblemen and gentlemen. What shows that Sancho had little respect for it? *To cabbage* (p. 34) comes from an old French word meaning to steal petty things, as to keep the pieces of cloth left after cutting out a garment. *A second Solomon* (p. 37): The *Books of the Kings* in the Bible give instances of the wisdom displayed by Solomon in answering "hard questions." As ruler of the "Island," Sancho, foolish as he was, proved to be much wiser than many monarchs. He had many adventures, and was never so happy as when he was deposed as ruler and restored to his donkey.

Page 38. The Brook Song. James Whitcomb Riley (1852–1916) is often called "the Hoosier poet," from the popular name of his native state, Indiana. He has gained a wide reputation by his poems, written in country dialect and treating of nature and simple country life.

Notice how this poem imitates the melody of a laughing brook. The poet takes so small a thing as a bee falling into the water, or a floating leaf, and by the charm of his words and his rhythm makes a picture of the scene that will remain in your memory for years. This is true art. A brook will always mean more to you after you enjoy this poem.

Page 40. Castles in the Air. Joseph Addison (1672–1719) was an English statesman, poet, essayist, and dramatist. He is best known for his contributions to *The Spectator*, one of the earliest newspapers, which he founded in connection with his friend, Richard Steele, and from which this selection is taken.

What is it to build air castles, castles of air, castles in the air, or, as sometimes called, castles in Spain? Here are two proverbs that Alnaschar did not remember: Catch your hare before you cook it; don't count your chickens before they're hatched. Describe your picture of Alnaschar and his basket when he kicks it.

Page 43. Roland of Roncesvalles. *Charlemagne* (Carolus Magnus, meaning Charles the Great) was king of the Franks and Emperor of Rome in the latter part of the eighth and the early part of the ninth century. He is regarded as one of the most imposing figures of all history. Many legends grew up concerning his great size and prodigious strength, and many were the tales told of his wonderful exploits, which were shared by his twelve most valiant and trusted knights, called his twelve peers or paladins.

At the time of this story, 778 A.D., Spain was under the rule of the Saracens, or Mohammedans, who had come from northern Africa and had conquered it and imposed upon it their faith. The Christians, under Charlemagne, sought to drive out these heathen hordes; hence resulted a great conflict, a part of which forms the basis of this story.

Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, is the principal character in

an epic poem called *The Song of Roland.* This poem, considered one of the masterpieces of French literature, has been translated into many languages and has always been admired, not only for its rough grace, but for its strong spirit of patriotism.

The friendship between Roland and Oliver dated from their childhood, and is as famous as that which existed between David and Jonathan, or between Damon and Pythias. Roland was proud, reckless, and daring to a fault. Oliver was wise, modest, and discreet. Yet so nearly were they matched that an expression has grown up, "a Roland for an Oliver," meaning to match a great deed with one equally great. You will enjoy reading Baldwin's *Story of Roland.*

Montjoy is the ancient battle cry of the French. It means, literally, a mound raised in memory of a victory.

Study the portrait of Charlemagne (p. 45) by the famous German painter, Dürer. Does his face look like that of a mighty warrior, or of a wise, kind ruler? Note the magnificence of his crown and dress. What does this tell you of his wealth? What do the sword in one hand and the globe and the cross in the other signify?

Page 57. The Deacon's Masterpiece. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894) was a doctor of medicine in Boston and for many years professor of anatomy at Harvard University. His shrewd wit and genial humor are apparent in all his writings, and made him much sought after as a public speaker. He is often spoken of as "the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," from the title of one of his best known works.

Shay is a word used in some places for *chaise,* a two-wheeled carriage of the olden time. You will find a picture of one on the title page of this Reader. *Georgius Secundus* is the Latin name for George the Second, King of England, who was ruling the American colonies as possessions of England. Find *Lisbon* on your map of Spain. The *earthquake* spoken of in the poem laid the city in ruins in a few minutes and destroyed forty thousand lives. In 1775 *General Braddock* was badly defeated by a force of French and Indians near the present site of Pittsburg. "I dew vum," "I tell yeow," etc., are localisms; that is, expressions peculiar to a certain locality, here some part of New England. *Had got to fifthly,* to the fifth division of his sermon — a sly dig at the length of old-time sermons. *Logic* is the science of exact thinking and reasoning. What proves that the Deacon was "logical" in the making of his masterpiece? Try to picture the end of the wonderful one-hoss shay.

Page 62. A Tribute to the Dog. George Graham Vest (1830–1904) was a lawyer and United States Senator from Missouri. While

pleading a case at law, he paid this tribute to the dog, and the simple, earnest speech won the case.

Read the selection through. Express in your own words the main thought of the author. What traits of a dog's character are mentioned? Which ones have you noticed in dogs you have known? Which seems the commonest trait of dogs? Tell briefly a story you have read, or an incident you have seen, where a dog showed any of the good traits mentioned. *Bob, Son o'Battle,* by ALFRED OLLIVANT, and *Rab and his Friends,* by DR. JOHN BROWN, are two dog stories that will interest you.

Page 63. Forbearance. RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882) was an American writer and philosopher, a man of great intellect and beautiful character. For many years the Emersons occupied the "Old Manse" at Concord, Massachusetts, where Hawthorne had lived.

Read some of Ernest Thompson Seton's nature stories and find out how he has learned to name the birds. What is meant by shooting a bird or an animal with a camera? What particular kind of courage is required by a person who would dine upon plain fare, bread and pulse, when he might indulge in luxuries? Would this power of forbearance help a person to reject other things more harmful to him? Describe the person whom Emerson would like for a friend.

Page 64. Whang, the Miller. OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774) was the son of an Irish curate. He studied for the ministry and the law, tried medicine, and finally turned to literature. He led a happy-go-lucky life, often not knowing where his next meal was coming from. He wrote poetry and plays that are now considered great, and his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* is a masterpiece. In his life, however, he received little fame, and he died heavily in debt.

The story says that Whang was frugal as well as avaricious. How does the story show that frugality is a good trait and avarice a bad one? Show why Whang was unwise to indulge in dreams. What shows you that Whang grew to have an envious disposition? What is meant by the statement that "with all his eagerness for riches, Whang was in reality poor"? Show how Whang merited the ill fortune that befell him.

Page 67. Franklin's Boyhood. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790), one of the greatest of early Americans, was born in Boston but spent most of his life in Philadelphia. He was a many-sided genius, who distinguished himself not only as a printer, journalist, and writer, but also as a scientist, inventor, citizen, and statesman. The *Autobiography,* from which the selection in this Reader is taken, is a book that no one should miss reading.

In Franklin's time, a boy learned a trade by working for some one who knew the trade. He was *bound* by an agreement, or *indenture*, to serve this master workman for a number of years in return for food, lodging, and instruction in the trade. Such a boy was called an *apprentice*. When he had learned his trade, he became a *journeyman*, working still for his master but receiving wages for his work. If he proved himself a good workman, he was accepted as a master workman by the other masters in the trade, and was then allowed to have under him apprentices and journeymen of his own.

Franklin was a wise, learned, public-spirited man, a hater of injustice. What indications can you find of these qualities in his boyhood acts? How did Franklin's father impress upon him a lesson in honesty? What value can you see in a boy's being bound out or apprenticed to a trade? What wrongs might a boy have to suffer? How has the use of machinery done away with apprenticeships?

What proof can you find that Franklin was of a modest disposition? That he was kind hearted? Ambitious to get on in the world?

Discover, as used on page 72, means to reveal or make known. This is an old meaning of the word and is no longer used.

Page 76. Poor Richard's Almanac; The Whistle. Read over the Wise Sayings very thoroughly. Which would it be most valuable for you to repeat often? How can you profit by the story of the whistle?

Page 82. Freedom. James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) is one of America's chief men of letters. He was a distinguished author of prose and verse, professor of modern languages at Harvard University, magazine editor, and minister to Spain and England.

What does the poet say true freedom is? Who does he say are slaves? What lines do you like best? Why? This poem is worth memorizing. The last two lines are quoted as often as any verses that have been written by this famous poet. You will want to use them some time.

Page 83. Moses goes to the Fair; Dr. Primrose goes to the Fair. Did Moses justify his mother's good opinion of his business abilities? What shows that Dr. Primrose was a good, kind-hearted man, but as easily tricked as his son? How do you know that the mother was full of worldly ambition? Why do you suppose they called a nine-year-old horse "the colt"? How was the son tricked? The father? Would you like to know whether the rogue was caught?

Page 95. The Last Leaf. Why is this old man likened to the last leaf? Select the places that show you he is very old. Why does the old man take his walk? How do you know that his friends are dead?

Why would he look queer to the passerby? What leads you to believe that he was a handsome young man? In the 4th, 5th, and 6th stanzas, which of the ways of telling of his great age seems to you the strongest? Does the poet lead you to ridicule or respect old age?

The town *crier* used to make the rounds of the town calling out matters of public interest, such as, " child lost," " public meeting," " auction."

This poem was a great favorite with President Lincoln.

Page 97. Three Sundays in a Week. EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849) was a famous poet and short-story writer. Many of his stories deal with mystery or horror. He lived, at various times, in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

How do you know that Bobby thinks he is handling the situation wisely? What shows you that the uncle is very sly? What shows you that he is really very good? Show how the travelers aided the boy and the girl. Dramatize the part beginning on page 101. The girl's *plum* was her fortune, which she would receive at a certain age. *Quack physics* means a make-believe knowledge of nature. *Set him off at a tangent* means excited him greatly. To *ride a hobby* is to give nearly all one's thoughts and conversation to one subject. What hobby was the uncle riding? What had given him a *bias*, or strong inclination, toward this subject? What other hobby had he?

Page 105. The Inchcape Rock. ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774–1843) was a well-known English poet and prose writer, and, at one time, was poet laureate of England.

Aberbrothok, or Arbroath, is a seaport town on the east coast of Scotland, a short distance from the Firth of Tay. *Inch* is the Scotch word for a small island. The Inchcape or Bell-buoy Rock is a few miles east from the Firth of Tay. This is a dangerous locality. A *bell buoy* is made by fastening a bell to a wooden framework. This framework is attached to a rock by a chain. What rings the bell? When would it ring loudest?

This poem divides easily into three nearly equal parts, an introduction and two episodes. What stanzas fall into each division?

This poem gives a fine example of what is called poetic justice; that is, it shows an evil deed followed by its just punishment. Apply this explanation to the poem.

Page 108. A Race at Sea. JOHN MASEFIELD (1875–) is one of the best-known modern English writers of prose and verse. He was for years a sailor and he is at his best when he writes of the sea. This selection is taken from *Jim Davis*, a book which is in the official library for Boy Scouts.

Smugglers are men who take goods from one country to another

secretly, so as to escape the payment of the duty or tax laid upon them. A *lugger* is a ship of two or three masts, carrying, in addition to its three-cornered sails, a square or lug sail. A *tiller* is a part of the steering apparatus of a ship; the tiller, the wheel which moves it, and the rudder, are together called the *helm*. A *cutter* is a swift sailing ship. A *revenue cruiser* often sails back and forth near a port to seize smugglers. *Frigates* were war vessels with sails, in the days before steam was used. The *blockading* fleet endeavors to prevent vessels from entering or leaving a port. If the smugglers had English goods which they were trying to take to France, to which country did the blockading fleet belong? *Lee* means shelter, hence *leeward* (lū'ẽrd) means the sheltered side of a vessel. *Hand-swivel* guns were guns turned on a pivot, or swivel, by hand.

Hailed the masthead: called to the man on the lookout at the masthead. *As she goes:* keep her as she is going. *Amidships:* in the middle part of the vessel. *Aft:* toward the stern of the ship; opposed to *fore*. *On the poops:* on the elevated decks at the stern.

Laocoön, from whom the frigate took its name, was the priest who warned the Trojans not to bring into the city the wooden horse in which the Greek warriors were hiding. As if in disapproval, two great serpents came up out of the water and, wrapping themselves about Laocoön and his two sons, killed them. *Forecastle:* in fighting vessels, a short upper deck built to command the enemy's decks. *Heave to:* stop. *Down helm:* a command to push the tiller over as far as possible. What action resulted? *Hauled his wind:* changed the direction of the vessel. Why? *Luff hard:* sail close to the wind, speed up. *Doubled like a hare:* the lugger turned clear around on its track.

What shows that the smugglers were not cowardly? That they were not hard-hearted? What gives evidence of courtesy on the part of the pursuers? *Stood off on the other tack:* the frigate turned off in another direction. *Con you through:* call directions to the helmsman from the conning tower at the masthead. *Steer small:* work the ship back and forth through the rocks.

Kipling's *Captains Courageous* is another good sea story.

Page 117. Winter. Show that it takes both pictures of Winter to represent him truly. During the months of autumn, apples are made into cider, which is here spoken of as *old October*.

Page 118. Winter Sports in Norway. Of the winter sports in Norway, which appeals most strongly to you? Why? What effect do these sports have on the health of the people? Do you know of any game that requires as much pluck, endurance, and daring, as skiing? What great advantage has it over skating and tobogganing?

The *Storthing* (Stôr-tĭng) is the law-making body of Norway. It meets annually. A *Marathon race* is a long-distance foot race, so called from the exploit of an Athenian soldier who ran from Marathon to Athens, a distance of about twenty miles, with news of the defeat of the Persians by the Athenians.

Picking up the hard snow means making it rough with a sharp instrument. Do you recall the stories in the MERRILL FIFTH READER that tell of chamois hunting and bird nesting? What is there about skiing to recommend it over other sports?

Page 124. Daybreak. LONGFELLOW (1807–1882) is sometimes called "the best-loved American poet." He was for many years professor of modern languages at Harvard University and he belonged to the Cambridge group of poets, which included Lowell and Holmes.

What shows you that the wind that came up out of the sea was a joyous wind? Note the different tones in which the wind spoke. In which stanza do you get a hint that the sun is just peeping above the horizon? Read this poem over and over, and see if it does not give you a sense of the joy and beauty of the early morning.

Page 125. The Story of Ruth. The name *Ruth* means beauty. The story of Ruth is one of the most beautiful in the Old Testament. It is a very old story, for the time of the Judges was before the Kings of Israel began to rule. David, who was a descendant of Ruth, was born in Bethlehem-Judah, that is, in Bethlehem in the land of Judea. The word *Bethlehem* means the house of bread. The village was probably so named because of the grains and fruits raised in the surrounding valleys. *Moab* was east of Judea. Its people worshipped other gods than Jehovah. *Naomi* means pleasant. She asked to be called *Mara*, which means sad. She was compelled by poverty to sell her land. The nearest of kin had the first right to buy it and to marry the widow of the heir. The poor were sometimes permitted to *glean*, or gather, the fallen stalks of grain that were left by the harvesters.

What other interesting customs appear in the story? There is a very beautiful passage in this story that is often quoted. Find it and see how quickly you can learn it.

Page 132. The Forgiven Debt. LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT (1786–1867) is best known for his reform work of various kinds. He was a native of Boston, where he devoted himself to writing and to charitable works.

When a man dies and leaves a will telling how he wants his property, or estate, disposed of, the one he selects to carry out or execute his will is called an *executor*. If he leaves no will, the person appointed

by the court to dispose of the property is called an *administrator;* he must follow the law unless the heirs yield their rights. In this case it was necessary to have their consent to cancel the debts. A *due bill* is a brief statement acknowledging a debt. *By a suit* means a process of law to compel one to pay a debt. *Dunning* means urgent demands for money due. *Fisherman's luck* is bad luck. "Time and rough weather had been to the windward of him [had blown on him] for seventy years." *Compound interest* is interest not only on the principal but on the unpaid interest.

Do you think the satisfaction felt by the brothers compensated for the loss of their money? "There is a giving that enriches and a withholding that maketh poor": — apply the first part of this saying to the brothers. What is there about the "hard-favored little old man" that makes you like him? "I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread:" see *Psalms,* xxxvii, 25.

Page 135. Good Name. SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) is the greatest English writer, some say the greatest of all writers. Little is known of his life except that he was connected with theaters in London, as actor, owner, and playwright. His plays have made him immortal. These lines are spoken by one of the characters in his play, *Othello.*

Page 136. The Homes of the People. HENRY W. GRADY (1850–1889) was a distinguished journalist and orator, and a man of great personal charm. His home was in Georgia.

Memorize the exact words of the Fifth Commandment: Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. *The Ark of the Covenant* is the chest in which Moses kept the two tables of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. It was kept in the most holy place in the temple. Therefore, to say that the Ark of the Covenant is lodged in the homes of our people, is a forcible way of saying that the strength and greatness of our nation is shrined, not in our splendid Capitol, but in our humble homes.

Page 139. My Native Land. Long ago, in Europe, singers went from one part of the country to another, singing or chanting with strong feeling the brave deeds of men who had suffered or died for their country. The deeds of Ulysses, of Roland, of Arthur were thus made known to the people. In what ways, now, do we honor and keep in remembrance those who show great love for their native land? To be shunned while living and to be forgotten when dead, is to *die doubly.*

Page 140. A Visit to an Indian Village. This account of a visit to an Indian village is taken from the story of an expedition to the northwest, called *The Oregon Trail,* by FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893).

Parkman was making a careful study of Indian life and customs in connection with a history that he was writing. The hardships which he suffered in the West broke down his health so completely that he remained a semi-invalid the rest of his life. In spite of his poor health and an almost total blindness which came upon him, he became one of our greatest historians.

The *stream of emigration* to California and Oregon began before the middle of the nineteenth century and greatly increased after 1848, when gold was discovered in California. The *bison*, or buffaloes, of the Northwest were of great use to the Indians. Their flesh was dried for food ; clothing and lodges were made from their hides, and various articles from their bones and horns. White men hunted them for sport and for their hides, until, from great herds numbering hundreds of thousands, they have become almost extinct. The government now owns and protects small herds in the Yellowstone National Park and in several Indian reservations.

Fort Laramie is now the site of a thriving town in southeastern Wyoming. Find it on your map. The *Medicine Bow Mountains* are a spur of the Rocky Mountains, some thirty miles southwest of Fort Laramie.

Page 152. The Voice of Duty. In the first stanza, the question is: Who is it can call a youth from a life of ease and pleasure to sacrifice even his life? In the second stanza, the answer is: The voice of duty. When his country calls, the true-hearted, heroic youth will be ready to abandon all his pleasures and make any sacrifice.

Page 153. The Bison Track. Bayard Taylor (1825–1878) was a noted American world-traveler, lecturer, journalist, novelist, and poet, for many years connected with the New York *Tribune*. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and in later years he returned there to live in the old family homestead.

Notice the dash and spirit in this poem. You can hardly read it slowly. When the bison, or buffalo, abounded in the West, they moved in great herds and their hoofbeats sounded like thunder. They ran with their heads down, like camels, and suggest to the poet the *caravan*. The hunters *threaded* the lines (ran through them), seeking the leader of the herd. *Strike the tent* means break up the camp. *Tethered* horses are tied to a stake by ropes.

Page 155. Tom Faggus and his Strawberry Mare. Richard D. Blackmore (1825–1900) was an English lawyer and novelist. This selection is from *Lorna Doone*, which is considered one of the great English novels.

The story is told by John, or Jack, Ridd. Faggus was a highway-

man, but this story shows that a highwayman may have many good qualities. Note the humor that runs through the selection, and the intelligence of the ducks and the horse, and their appreciation of human sympathy. Find the finest bit of humor in the first page.

Hurdle : here, a watergate hung to a log across a stream. *Misliking* (p. 157): not liking ; on p. 159 *misliked* means fretted. *Holster:* a case for pistols hanging to the saddle. *Peppercorn:* the berry of the black pepper. *Duello:* a duel, a contest between two people. *Mixen:* straw and refuse in the barnyard. *Minced about:* walked daintily. *Comb* (p. 156) : the curling top of a wave; (p. 163) the crest or back of the head. *Cob wall:* a wall made of clay or straw, a mud wall. *Crimping* a fish : cutting it up for cooking. *Clout:* to strike a hard blow, to hit.

Page 165. To the Dandelion. *Eldorado* (ĕl dō̆ rä′ dō) is a name given by the Spaniards to a country in South America which they said abounded in gold ; the word means *the golden*. *Buccaneers* were bold sea-robbers who sought for Eldorado and robbed the Spanish of their gold. Why are the children spoken of as " high-hearted buccaneers " ? How does Lowell compare the dandelion to other flowers ? Have you ever thought of it that way ? It is a wonderful flower. Can you tell some of the changes it undergoes ?

Page 166. A Modest Wit. Selleck Osborn (1783–1826) was an American journalist, who spent the greater part of his life editing newspapers in New England. He found time, however, to write verse occasionally; he fought in the war of 1812.

Are the great and the rich necessarily haughty and purse-proud ? Sum up the boy's good qualities. How did he get his name " Modestus " ? A *parasite,* in olden times, was one who ate at a rich man's table, repaying his host by flattery. What, in the actions of the king's courtiers, make them deserve the title " parasite " ? How did Modestus show a fearlessness of conduct ? What kept his questions to the king from being impertinent and disrespectful ? Which would please the king the more, the conduct of his hangers-on or the witty words of the secretary ?

Page 170. The Fruit of the Lotus Tree. Charles Lamb (1775–1834) is one of the most lovable of all writers. He lived in London, struggling with poverty, slaving at a desk in a big business house, and devoting his life to the care of his sister, who was never free from a trace of insanity. Yet in spite of the shadow in which he lived, he kept his sunny spirit, and his writings all bear the mark of his sweet and whimsical nature.

Ancient Troy was east of Greece in Asia, and Ithaca was an island

west of Greece. In what direction would Ulysses have to sail to reach his home? The land of the Cicons is supposed to have been northeast of Greece. The Cicons had helped the Trojans against Ulysses. Was that sufficient excuse to justify Ulysses in plundering their country? How did the cruelty of the Greeks bring its own punishment? The land of the Lotus Eaters was in northern Africa. What in the story proves the strength of the enchantment of the lotus flower?

Page 172. Polyphemus and the Cyclops. Find Sicily and Mt. Ætna. Near Ætna dwelt the Cyclops. How did Ulysses show his crafty disposition in dealing with Polyphemus? How did he show that he was cautious as well as crafty? What threat did Ulysses make against Polyphemus for violating the laws of hospitality? What tells you that Polyphemus had a tender place in his heart?

Page 180. The House of Circe. Circe's home was on a small island north of Sicily. What shows that Ulysses and his men were becoming faint-hearted? What words and expressions can you find describing Circe and her home? To *suspend the mortal faculties* means to hold spellbound. How did Circe exercise this power over those who came near her? How did she transform them? What limit was there to her power over men? What power did she have over nature? Who gave to Ulysses the flower called *moly*? How did he use it for his own protection? How did he persuade Circe to restore his men to their former shapes?

Page 188. The Burial of Sir John Moore. Charles Wolfe (1791–1823) was an Irish curate, whose poem "The Burial of Sir John Moore," published anonymously, created such a stir that people thought it must have been written by Byron or some other well-known poet.

Sir John Moore served with distinction in the British army in many parts of the world. His last engagement was at Coruna, Spain, against a greatly superior force. At the moment of victory, he was struck by a cannon ball and killed. His troops then took to their ships and hastily departed.

How does the poet make you feel that the burial of the dead warrior was hurried and secret? Describe the feelings and the actions of the men beside the grave. What was their greatest grief? Monuments of stone or marble are erected to the memories of many heroes. How has this simple poem proved to be Sir John Moore's most fitting monument?

Page 190. The Relief of Lucknow. What shows that this is the last terrible struggle of the siege? What did the music of the bagpipes seem to promise? How did the besieged show their gratitude? Try the

effect of putting your ear to the ground and listening to some sound. Then raise your head and listen. How does this help you to account for Jessie's keen hearing ?

Highlander is a name applied particularly to inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland. *Lowland* refers to the Lowlands of Scotland, the southern and eastern part. The *pibroch* (pē′brŏk) is a kind of Scottish Highland bagpipe music. *Auld Lang Syne* (ôld lăng sīn) means long ago. It is said that no song is so well known and sung by so many classes of people, in so many quarters of the globe, as Burns's song " Auld Lang Syne."

Page 193. The Pipes at Lucknow. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892), poet, journalist, and reformer, was a New England farmer boy of Quaker stock. He acquired with difficulty what schooling he had, earning the money himself to pay for it, in part, by making slippers at eight cents a pair. From his own experience he drew the material for his songs of nature and New England country life.

Where was the sweetest music of the bagpipes played ? Who were the *Indian tiger* and the *jungle serpent?* What picture do you get in the third stanza? Describe the effect made by the news of the Scottish maiden. What picture do you see in " the far-off dust cloud to plaided legions grew ? " What words give you an idea of the imposing appearance of Lucknow ? What does " the tartan clove the turban " tell you ? Compare this line with the statement: The Scotchmen cut their way through the Mohammedans. Which statement gives you a picture ? Why ? How does the next line add to the picture ?

The *Border* means the adjoining land of England and Scotland. Lucknow is situated on the Goomtee River. *The piping of the clans* has reference to music that was played at the gathering of the clans. The *plaid* is a long, shawl-like garment worn by the Scotch Highlanders, both men and women. It is made of checked woolen cloth ; the color, width, and arrangement of the checks (called the *tartan*) distinguish one clan from another.

Which do you like better, the prose account of the raising of the siege or the poetic one ? Which gives you the more vivid picture of it ? Select the words and phrases that you like in the poem.

Page 204. Richard the Lion-Hearted and the Nubian Slave. This selection is taken from Scott's novel, *The Talisman.* The novel pictures the efforts of Richard, King of England, and his army to rescue Jerusalem from the Turks or Mohammedans. The bands of military Christians who during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries attempted this task were called *Crusaders. Saladin* was the ruler of

Egypt and Syria, which you will find in your geographies. Nubia is near by in Africa. By what two titles is Saladin called ? He was a man of great piety, justice, and courage, faithful to his promises and a wise ruler. What is the most striking thing in the description of the Nubian slave ? What poetic expression did Saladin use to say that the slave was dumb ? Richard is chiefly known for his great strength and courage, his love of knight-errantry, and his skill as a poet. He was king of England for sixteen years. What shows you that at this time things were not going to suit him in England ?

Only those Mohammedans who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca are permitted to wear a green turban. How would such a person be regarded by Mohammedans in general ? What leads you to believe that the Soldan had no part in the marabout's attempt to kill Richard ? How did Richard's soldiers unknowingly help along the scheme of the marabout ? What traits of character do you find in Richard that would make him loved ? What ones that would inspire fear ? What three reasons are given in the last paragraph for Richard's kindness to the Nubian ? Which do you think is the true one ?

Page 216. A Famous Contest. While Richard was besieging Jerusalem, a three years' truce, or period of peace, was agreed upon between him and Saladin. During this time occurred the meeting described in this story. Contrast the dress and person of the Soldan with those of Richard. What evidence do you find that the two greatly admired each other ? Which do you think the more wonderful, the feat of strength or that of skill ? Why ?

Page 222. Lochinvar. Just north of England is *Solway Firth* or Bay. The river *Eske* (ĕsk) runs into it from the north through the Border region of Scotland. The tides are very high in the firth and flow out, or *ebb*, very rapidly. It is here that Scott locates the *Netherby* clan and the *Cannobie* meadows. The *Græmes* (grāmes) were one of the families of the clan. Lochinvar is represented as a brave nobleman of the West country who sought the hand of fair Ellen. When he was not accepted by her family, and she was about to be given to an unworthy suitor, Lochinvar appeared and asked to dance one measure with his lost love.

A *galliard* was a gay and lively dance. A *charger* is a horse. The *croup* is the place behind the saddle. *Scaur* (scär) means rock.

Page 224. Proverbs of Solomon. Solomon was the son of David and succeeded him as king of Israel. It is said that the Lord appeared to him and told him to choose a gift. He chose neither wealth nor power, but wisdom. As a reward, all three were given him.

The proverbs are a part of what is called the wisdom literature of the

Bible. Which one, or ones, here given, teach truth, kindness, pleasantness of disposition, humility, courage? Commit to memory the one that seems best to you and become familiar with all, so that you will recognize them when you hear them or read them.

Page 226. Daffodils. William Wordsworth (1770–1850) is a great nature poet. To him the trees and hills were not just beautiful to look at. He felt deep reverence for nature, and was the first poet to express this feeling in verse. Most of his life was spent in the lovely Lake Country of England, which is always associated with his name. In the latter part of his life he was poet laureate of England.

This is one of the finest short poems in the English language. Read it until you can see with your "inward eye" the lonely cloud, the sparkling lake, and the dancing flowers. When you are alone, can you call up any such scene that you have sometime looked upon? It is a very pleasant power to cultivate, and will give you the *jocund*, or joyous, company which is the bliss of solitude.

Page 227. The Humor of the Blue Jay. Joel Chandler Harris (1848–1908) owes his fame to his "Uncle Remus" stories in the negro dialect. He was a native of Georgia and for many years was connected with an Atlanta newspaper. All his writings are characterized by a wonderful understanding of animals and a rare sense of humor.

What can be said for and against the blue jay? What other animals seem to have more fun? What ones do not? Does the jay do his work less well because of his fun? *Vaudeville* (vōd-vĭl): be sure that you learn to pronounce this word correctly.

Page 232. Spring. Henry Timrod (1829–1867), the poet, was a native of South Carolina. He died when still young, after a brave struggle against ill-health and poverty.

Read the entire poem. Select all the expressions that remind you of spring. *Pathos:* feeling of sadness. *Aglee:* stirring with gladness. *Flushed:* colored. The dawn of spring, like the rising sun, makes the maple twigs redden. *Germs:* seeds that are bursting through the grassy turf. *Azure gems:* blue tips of flowers peeping through, small and beautiful as jewels. *Note . . . the crocus breaking earth:* see it coming through the bare ground. *The violet in its screen:* did you ever see a violet coming through in its hood or screen? *A sense of blossoms yet unborn:* the morning air makes you feel that many flowers are ready to burst into bloom.

Notice that the first line of the last stanza completes the sentence in the preceding stanza. The Greeks believed that every tree had a spirit or *Dryad*. The poet feels that he is about to witness a wondrous

pageant and would not be surprised to see a Dryad step forth out of a beech tree.

Page 234. A Cricket on the Hearth. CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870) is one of the greatest English novelists. His special charm lies in his humor and his power to create characters that seem to live. Dickens was a champion of all down-trodden and helpless people, and in almost everything he wrote he tried to make the world better.

How does the carrier's attitude toward the cricket help us to understand his character? How did the carrier prove his kindly nature toward the stranger? Toward the toymaker? How did his honest, sturdy goodness finally transform Tackleton? How does the musical race between the kettle and the cricket assure us of the welcome that is awaiting the carrier?

Which part of the story is most vividly pictured in your mind? Study the description of the carrier's home. What to you is its most attractive feature? What in Dot's appearance, dress, and actions make her fit into the home so perfectly? What in the description of the stranger gives you a hint that he is not really an old man? What was the stranger's purpose in assuming a disguise? What was his purpose in making himself known to Dot? What proof could you find that the carrier, for all his goodness of heart, was a slow-witted man? Would he have been capable of any sort of deception if he had known who the stranger was?

Study the picture of the toymaker's home. In what different ways had he tried to soften the hard life of his daughter? How had he unintentionally led her to regard Tackleton? What proves that all this deception had made her mental blindness much greater even than her physical blindness? How did she regain her mental vision? Why did she then love her father more truly than ever before? Show that the kind heart of the carrier — so kind that it cherished the cricket on his hearth — helped to bring good luck.

Page 262. Washington Irving. Why would a childhood spent in New York City create a desire to go to sea? How would Irving's choice of books feed his desire for adventure? *Salmagundi* is the name of a dish in cookery made up of many spicy ingredients; what would it signify as the name of a paper? How did Irving set people to looking eagerly for his History of New York? What is ridiculous about the title of this book? Before Irving, American writers had mainly chosen their subjects from some other land. Give a reason for Irving's title, "Father of American Literature."

Page 269. A Letter from Washington Irving. The deeds of Scotch heroes and those of other lands were told by Scott in verse and story.

So great was his power to make the past live again that he was called not only the *minstrel*, but also the *wizard* of the North. What proves that Scott was extremely fond of dogs ? The abbey at Melrose, a few miles from Abbotsford, was once a magnificent church ; it is now a much admired ruin.

Page 273. Peter Stuyvesant. This selection is taken from Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York, and shows the sort of humor that pervades the whole book. New York was first called New Netherlands because it was settled by the Dutch who came from Holland, which they called Nederlands, or low lands. It had several Dutch governors, of whom Stuyvesant was the last.

I. *Ajax Telamon* was one of the bravest and handsomest of the Greek heroes who besieged ancient Troy. The story of Hercules and Atlas you will find in the MERRILL FIFTH READER.

What do you find humorous in the description of Stuyvesant's personal appearance ? What figures or pictures can you think of that Stuyvesant might have had worked out on the silver bands of his wooden leg ? To *anoint* means to apply oil to a person in a sacred ceremony. How does Irving use the word ? *Kieft* was a former governor of New Netherlands, known for his cruel and revengeful rule. Why was Peter called " The Headstrong " ? " When in doubt," what did he do ?

II. In 1655 the Dutch under Stuyvesant sailed up the Delaware River and by a " bloodless battle " gained possession of what was called New Sweden, now the state of Delaware, which had been settled by a small colony of Swedes. A *mock heroic* style of writing is one in which a trivial affair is ridiculed by using language adapted to a serious subject. In this description of the battle, what seems to you the very " height of the ridiculous " ? How does Irving make fun of those writers of history who use a very pompous and high-flown style ?

Page 281. Wolfert Webber. This sketch shows how the early Dutch *burghers*, or townsmen, on the island of Manhattan became rich in spite of themselves, as New York, the " ancient city of the Manhattoes," developed into a modern city. The story is a fine example of the humor of Irving. In almost every paragraph this is shown. For example : the whole family genius was devoted to the development of one noble vegetable ; the excellent family vegetated (lived like a vegetable) ; the notable little housewife was most busy when there was nothing to do, her whole life devoted to intense knitting ; the border raiders made midnight forays into his dominions, carrying off as captives his noblest subjects, his finest cabbages. Go through the story and learn to pick out the droll expressions. How does Irving

make fun of the daughter's education ? Of the Dutch wooing ? Of Ramm ?

The *Walloons* were an ancient people of Belgium. *Illustrious for the antiquity of his line:* he belonged to one of the old families. *The old gentleman walks :* the spirit of Stuyvesant comes back as a ghost. *Kidd the pirate :* Captain Kidd was sent by the king of England to put down piracy, but he turned pirate himself ; he was finally captured and put to death. The story spread that he had buried immense treasure in Long Island and Manhattan.

II. *Crooked ducats:* crooked coins were supposed to bring luck ; you remember in Mother Goose the woman with the little crooked sixpence. What evidences of the superstitions of the olden time appear all through the selection ? *Not a stiver :* the smallest Dutch coin, a penny.

IV. *Give physic to the heart :* one of the proverbs of Solomon says, " A merry heart doeth good like a medicine " ; how does this apply to Webber ? What do you see inappropriate in the motto which Webber put on his crest ? What is especially appropriate in the picture on his carriage ?

Page 304. The Ship of State. These lines are a part of a long poem, " The Building of the Ship." In the first part of the poem, Longfellow gives a description of the building of a ship from the laying of the keel to the launching of the vessel. He then, in imagination, sees the likeness between the building of a ship and the founding of our government. The *master* in the poet's mind was probably Washington, and the *forge* and *heat* were the Revolution and the critical period following it, until the states adopted the Constitution upon which our government is based. There were violent differences of opinion over what would be fair for all parts of the country, and at times it seemed as if the makers of the Constitution could never agree on these points.

WORD LIST

This WORD LIST gives only the meaning of the word as it is used in this Reader. The number following each word indicates the page on which the word first appears.

The PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES is given on page 335.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* hāte
a̱ *as in* sena̱te
ă *as in* hăt
ă̱ *as in* ă̱ccount
ä *as in* färr
å *as in* åsk
â *as in* câre
å̇ *as in* sofå̇

ē *as in* mē
ĕ *as in* mĕt
ĕ̱ *as in* ĕ̱vent

ī *as in* pīne
ĭ *as in* pĭn

ō *as in* nōte
ō̱ *as in* ō̱bey
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ŏ̇ *as in* cŏ̇nnect
ô *as in* hôrse

ū *as in* ūse
ŭ *as in* tŭb
ŭ̇ *as in* circŭ̇s
û *as in* fûr
u̱ *as in* ru̱de

o͞o *as in* mo͞on
o͡o *as in* fo͡ot
ou *as in* out
~~th~~ *as in* ~~th~~en
ŋ *as in* iŋk

Ab'bey (269) the church of a monastery.
Ab'bot (105) the head of a monastery.
Ab hor'rence (263) an object that causes horror or loathing.
Ab lu'tion (150) an act of washing or cleansing.
A bom'i na ble (178) hateful.
A bom i na'tion (225) that which is hateful.
Ab stract'ed (290) absent-minded.
Ac cost'ed (99) addressed.
Ac cu'mu lat ing (80) collecting.
Ac qui es'cence (97) consent.
Ac qui si'tions (64) gains.
Ac quit'ting (89) conducting (oneself).
A cute'ness (37) shrewdness.
Ad just'ed (235) made to fit.
Ad'ver sa ries (273) opponents.
Af'flu ence (64) wealth.
Ag'o niz ing (192) causing torture.
A kim'bo (81) with hands on hips and elbows turned outward.
Al'der man (285) a city officer.
A lert' (63) wakeful, active.
Al lay' (66) to calm or check.
Al le'giance (43) loyalty.
Al loy' (10) that which lowers the quality of something by being mixed with it.
Al ter'na tive (281) a choice of two things, one of which must be taken.
Am big'u ous (178) capable of being understood in two ways.
A mends' (31) payment.
An'guish (54) extreme pain.
An nul' (138) to make of no effect.
A non'y mous (72) of unknown authorship.
An tic'i pate (103) to forestall, to get ahead of.

An'ti dote (185) a remedy for a poison.
An'ti qua ry (271) one who is interested in studying whatever has to do with olden times.
A'pex (144) the topmost point.
Ap pa ri'tion (183) appearance; *here*, magic appearance.
Ap'pe tiz ing (263) having the power to excite appetite.
Ap pre hen'sion (71) understanding.
Ap pro ba'tion (71) approval.
Arch'ness (167) sly humor.
Artifice (är'tĭ fĭs) (257) tricks.
Ar til'ler y (143) mounted guns.
As cribed' (to) (281) considered to be caused by.
As'pect (273) appearance.
As sail'ants (278) those who attack.
As sailed' (147) attacked.
As sign'ing (145) alloting, giving.
A tone'ment (186) satisfaction for wrongs committed.
Auc'tion (76) a public sale of property to the highest bidder.
Av a ri'cious (64) greedy for wealth.
A venge' (44) to inflict punishment for injuries done to another.
A verse' (to) (264) with no liking for.
A ver'sion (to) (276) dislike for.
A vert' (143) to prevent.

Back'stays (116) ropes extending from the masthead to the sides of a ship to help support the mast.
Badg'er (99) to tease.
Bail (160) security given for the appearance of a prisoner, in order to secure his freedom for a time; **to go bail**, to furnish such security.
Bal'lad (70) a short poem that tells a story and is suitable for singing.
Bal'sam (28) a healing medicine.
Bane'ful (171) deadly, destructive.
Bank'rupt (266) unable to pay one's debts, or legally discharged from paying debts.
Bard (197) a poet.
Bas'tion (280) a work projecting outward from the main inclosure of a fortification.
Baton (bȧ tôn') (48) a staff carried as a symbol of office.
Bat'ter ies (190) companies of gunners; (278) a place where guns are mounted.
Be guile' (269) to steal away from.
Ben e dic'tion (15) a blessing.
Ben e fac'tor (176) one who does good.
Be nev'o lence (90) love of mankind and desire to do good.
Ben'i son (260) blessing.
Bequeathed (bē̇ kwēt͟hd') (99) left by a will.
Be to'kened (172) gave evidence of.
Be trothed' (100) one who is engaged to be married.
Bias (bī'ȧs) (99) a bending; *here*, of the mind.
Bi og'ra pher (262) one who writes the history of a person's life.
Bla'zoned (189) shown in colors; *here*, published far and wide.
Blithe'some (165) cheery, gay.
Braes (brāes) (193) hillsides.
Brake (222) a brushwood or thicket.
Breech (111) the rear part of a cannon behind the bore.
Broached (92) introduced as subjects of conversation.
Broom (193) a kind of shrub having yellow flowers.
Buck'ler (22) a kind of shield worn on the arm.
Buf foon' (209) a clown.
Buoy (boi) (105) an object floating on the water and moored, to mark danger.

Caf'tan (209) a long robe worn in the East.
Caliph (kā'lĭf) (10) a high officer in Turkey or Arabia.
Cal'low (156) without feathers; very young.

Cam'let (293) a kind of fine cloth made of the hair of goats.
Canine (kȧ nīn') (270) pertaining to dogs.
Can'ni bal (177) one who eats human flesh.
Can'o py (94) an overhanging shelter.
Ca'pers (162) pranks.
Cas'ti gate (265) to punish or reprove severely.
Casual (kăzh'ū ăl) (229) as if by chance.
Cav a lier'ly (141) haughtily, arrogantly.
Ce ler'i ty (145) speed.
Chagrin (shȧ grĭn') (80) shame and grief.
Cham'pi on (120) one who has won first place in a contest of skill.
Chan'ti cleer (124) a cock, so called from the clearness of his crowing.
Chid (70) scolded.
Chiv'al rous (207) possessing the qualities of the ideal knight.
Chron'i cler (286) a recorder of events.
Cit'a del (277) a stronghold.
Civ'ic (138) relating to a city.
Clar'i on (124) a kind of trumpet with clear, shrill tones.
Clove (196) cut through.
Cock'le shell (293) sea shell.
Cog'i tat ing (284) thinking over.
Co in'ci dence (101) the accidental happening at the same time of two things, which is so strange that it seems to have been planned.
Col lapse' (264) a breakdown.
Com mit'ted (133) given over.
Com mun'ion (272) fellowship, a sharing or interchange of thoughts.
Com pet'i tors (120) those who take part in a contest.
Con cen'tered (139) directed to a common point: *here*, self-centered, having no thought for others.
Con'course (209) a gathering.
Con cur'rence (101) a meeting or coming together.
Con'i cal (144) shaped like a cone; *i.e.* round and tapering to a point.
Con sci en'tious (277) anxious to do right.
Con strained' (175) forced.
Con'tem plat ed (150) considered, intended.
Con tem'po ra ries (272) those who live at the same time.
Con tracts' (81) acquires, takes upon (himself).
Con triv'anc es (119) inventions.
Con trive' (72) to bring about or manage; (187) to invent.
Con'tro ver sy (231) a dispute.
Con viv'i al (236) gay, jolly.
Con'voy (109) a fleet of ships under armed escort.
Cor'po ral (190) (*noun*) the lowest ranked officer in the army; (298) (*adj.*) bodily.
Corse (188) a corpse.
Coun'ter pane (299) a cover for a bed.
Cov'ert way (278) in a fortification, a passageway running around the top of the outside slope of the ditch.
Crown (93) a piece of British money worth about $1.25 in United States money.
Cu'bit (13) an ancient measure equal to about seventeen inches.
Cur mudg'eon (98) a miser.
Cur'tain (280) that part of the wall of a fort which extends between two bastions.

Das'tard (222) a coward.
De fend'ant (36) in courts of law, the one who is charged with the fault.
Def'er ence (152) respect for the wishes or judgment of another.
De file' (50) a long narrow pass between rocks or hills.
De moc'ra cy (152) a self-governing body of people.
De mure'ly (161) modestly, soberly.
De nom'i nate (101) to call.

De plor'ing (93) expressing regret at.
De rī'sive ly (115) in a manner expressing ridicule.
Der' vish (12) a member of a Mohammedan religious order.
De spite' (8) in spite of.
De test'ed (268) hated.
Dev as ta'tion (289) ruin.
De vice' (27) a design; *here*, one worn by a knight on his shield.
De vis'eth (225) forms in the mind.
De void' (of) (140) empty of, without.
Dex'ter ous ly (221) skillfully (especially with the hands).
Di'a dems (8) crowns.
Dic ta'tor (285) an absolute ruler.
Di'et (70) a selected course of food.
Dif'fi dence (166) lack of faith in one's own powers.
Di min'u tive (210) of very small size.
Dis cerned' (174) spied.
Discoursed (dĭs kōrst') (90) talked.
Dis en gag'ing (178) freeing.
Dis persed' (149) separated.
Dis sem'bling (176) hiding the truth.
Di'vers (273) several.
Di ver'sion (187) amusement.
Di vined' (12) guessed, perceived.
Doc'trines (92) teachings.
Dog'ged ly (143) stubbornly.
Do main' (281) possessions of land.
Do mes'ti cat ed (140) settled, as if at home.
Dom i neer'ing (230) playing the tyrant.
Do min'ion (11) control.
Dot'age (92) the childishness of old age.
Dou'bled (102) sailed around, so as to reverse the direction.
Dou'blet (205) a close fitting garment covering the upper part of the body.
Dou bloons' (287) Spanish gold coins.
Drachmas (drăk'mȧs) (40) ancient Greek silver coins.
Draft (93) a written order which calls for the payment of money.
Dry'ad (233) a tree goddess.
Ducats (dŭk'ăts) (290) gold coins.
Dynasty (dī'nȧs tĭ) (265) a succession of kings of the same family.

Eg'lan tine (272) sweetbrier.
Eke (out) (221) to piece out by slight additions.
E lapse' (145) to pass by.
E lat'ed (170) having the spirits raised by good fortune.
E lud'ed (291) avoided discovery.
Em'bers (144) the smoldering remains of a fire.
Em i gra'tion (140) the act of moving from one place of abode to another.
Em'mets (68) ants.
Em u la'tion (238) rivalry.
En chased' (273) engraved, marked with a design.
Encore (än kōr') (60) once more; *here*, also.
En cum'bered (36) burdened.
En sued' (134) followed.
Ephah (ē'fȧ) (128) a Hebrew dry measure equal to a little more than a bushel.
Ep'och (99) time.
Equerry (ĕk'wĕr ĭ) (204) an officer in the royal service.
Eq'ui pag es (81) carriages.
Es pla nade' (211) a level stretch of ground.
E vinced' (97) shown.
Ex ces'sive ly (100) to too great a degree.
Exhausted (ĕg zôst'ĕd) (72) used up.
Ex ploits' (17) heroic deeds.
Ex'qui site (72) very keen, perfect.
Extraordinary (ĕks trôr'dĭ nā̆ rĭ) (101) unusual.

Fain (167) gladly.
Far'thing (21) a British coin worth about half a cent in United States money.
Fatigued (fȧ tēgd') (74) wearied by exertion.

Fay (233) a fairy.
Fel'loe (57) the outer rim of a wheel.
Fet'ters (82) chains or bands that restrain.
Feuds (208) long-standing quarrels between families or clans.
Fig'ure head (113) a figure or statue on the prow of a ship.
Filch' es (135) steals.
Flag'on (173) a wine jug.
Fo'cus (76) a point where several lines meet.
For'ays (283) raids for the purpose of stealing.
Fore bod'ing (51) a feeling of approaching misfortune.
For'feit (139) to lose as a penalty.
For'mi da ble (120) inspiring fear or unwillingness to undertake.
Fre quent'ed (69) visited often.
Fru gal'i ty (64) careful use of possessions.
Fu'gi tive (229) one who runs away.
Func'tion (143) office, duty.

Gaelic (gāl' ĭk) (196) of the Highland Scotch.
Gait (159) walk.
Gala (gā'lȧ) (233) festival.
Garb (33) clothing.
Gaunt'let (48) in the Middle Ages, a glove for the protection of the hand.
Genie (jē'nĭ) (210) a magic being that has the power to become invisible.
Gen teel' (84) suited to the position of gentlefolk.
Gen'try (78) people of education and good breeding.
Gi gan'tic (204) very great, such as a giant might plan.
Glacis (glā'sĭs) (279) a smooth slope leading up to a fortification.
Gnomes (nōms) (298) fairy people supposed to live within the earth and to guard mines, quarries, etc.
Goad (187) to prick as with an ox goad; *here*, to disturb the mind.
Gor' y (189) bloody.
Gratis (grā'tĭs) (78) free of charge.
Gri mal'kin (284) a cat.
Gul'let (231) the tube through which food passes into the stomach.
Gut'tur al (141) harsh, throaty.

Hack (90) an old worn-out horse.
Hal'berd (17) a long-handled weapon used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.
Hand'i capped (198) prevented from doing as others do; placed at a disadvantage.
Ha rangue' (76) an earnest or noisy address.
Hard'-fa vored (133) ill-looking.
Hastened (hās' 'nd) (15) hurried.
Hatch'es (171) the coverings over openings in the decks of ships.
Heather (hĕ͟th'ẽr) (193) a low shrub with pink or purple flowers, common in Scotland.
Hig'gle (84) (= haggle) to dispute about the terms of a bargain.
Hi la'ri ous (236) merry, noisy.
Hordes (140) wandering bands of people moving from place to place in search of food or plunder.
Hos'tage (43) a person given as a pledge of good faith.
Hos til'i ties (204) acts of warfare.

Il lu'sions (187) magic shows, deception.
Im paired' (152) made less or worse.
Im per cep'ti bly (212) so slowly that the movement is not noticed.
Im'port (148) (*noun*) meaning.
Im port'ing (266) bringing wares into a country.
Im po si'tion (89) fraud, cheating.
In au'di ble (294) that cannot be heard.
In ces'sant ly (191) without stopping.
In cite' (138) to stir up.
In con sol'a ble (42) deeply grieved.
In crust'ed (278) covered as with a crust.

In cul'cat ed (76) planted (in the mind); taught.
In'di cate (97) to point out, to name.
In dul'gent (134) having a tendency to grant favors.
In dulg'ing (64) giving one's self up to, thinking about.
In ef fi'cient (220) without power to accomplish.
In fest' (283) to be present in too great numbers or too often.
In form'ant (132) one who gives information.
In gen'ious (69) clever.
In'got (288) a mass or bar of cast metal.
In im'i ta ble (181) not to be imitated.
In ter cept'ed (283) stood in the way of.
In'ter lude (229) a change interrupting the course of an entertainment.
In ter'pret ed (142) changed into language which may be understood.
In'ter val (64) a brief space of time between two events.
In'ti mate (64) on close terms (with).
In trenched' (278) surrounded with a trench.
In trep'id (278) fearless.
In tru'sion (269) the forcing of one's self into a place without right or welcome.
In vin'ci ble (206) impossible to conquer.
In vol'un ta ri ly (301) without willing.
Ir re press'i ble (235) that which cannot be restrained or controlled.
Ir rup'tions (283) breakings in.

Jack'als (12) a kind of wild dog.

Keel (114) a timber extending through the center of the bottom of a ship from end to end.
Knave (55) a tricky fellow, a rascal; (207) a boy.
Knav'er y (34) the practices of a rascal.
Knight-er'rant (18) a knight wandering in search of adventure.

Lat'tice (271) a framework made of crossed strips of wood.
League (54) a measure of distance varying from 2.4 to 4.6 miles.
Leash (205) a long cord to hold a dog.
Leg'a cy (99) a gift by will.
Lilt'ing (39) rollicking.
Loch (lŏk) (193) a lake.
Log'i cal (57) according to the science of logic, or reason.
Loot (229) that which is gained unlawfully, as by theft.

Mace (218) a heavy staff or club, partly of metal.
Ma li'cious (29) intending evil.
Mal'lard (156) a kind of duck.
Maneuvers (*mȧ* nōō'vĕrs) (119) military movements.
Man'tle (205) a cloak.
Man'u script (265) a composition written by hand.
Mar'bles (95) *here*, tombstones.
Mar'i ners (105) those who have to do with navigating ships.
Ma rines' (112) soldiers on a vessel.
Mar'tial (188) warlike.
Mar'tyr (8) one who is put to death for holding to a faith or cause.
Mat'tock (65) a tool for digging.
Maud'lin (236) silly, sentimental.
Mea'ger (242) thin.
Me an'der ing (220) wandering.
Med'i ta tive (133) thoughtful.
Med'ley (92) a mixture.
Mem'o ra ble (101) worthy of being remembered.
Mercantile (mĕr'kȧn tĭl) (89) having to do with buying or selling.
Me trop'o lis (283) the chief city of a country.
Met'tle some (124) spirited.
Min'i a ture (151) a small copy.
Min'is ter (268) the representative of a government in a foreign country.
Mis'sive (206) a letter.
Mo men'tous (294) very important.

Mon'grel (270) a dog of mixed breed.
Mo rose'ly (235) sullenly.
Mor'ti fy ing (90) causing a feeling of shame.
Mosque (195) a Mohammedan church.
Mot'ley (151) mixed.
Mouser (mouz'er) (100) a cat that catches mice.
Mu nic'i pal (32) having to do with the government of a town or city.
Mur rain' (86) a plague that affects domestic animals.
Mu'ti lat ed (206) maimed or crippled.
Mys'tic (143) mysterious, secret.

Na'bob (166) the holder of a high government position in India.
Noc tur'nal (293) at night.

Ob scured' (166) hid.
Ob serv'ance (211) respect.
Ob serv'ant (271) taking notice.
O'men (66) a sign.
O'sier (178) willow.
Out'lawed (134) declared outside the protection of the law.
Out'raged (162) went into a rage.
O va'tions (267) public expressions of honor.

Pa'gan (26) one who worships false gods.
Pageant (păj'ĕnt) (233) a great procession or parade.
Pal'pi tat ing (254) beating fast.
Pal'try (65) mean, of little worth.
Par a lyt'ic (279) pertaining to paralysis, a shaking disease.
Parched (128) dried over a fire.
Pa rish'ion er (78) a member of a parish or district in which members of a church live.
Par take' (183) to take part in, to share.
Pa thet'ic (93) pitiful.
Pa'tron (166) one who protects or encourages.
Pa troon' (301) in the early days of New York, a proprietor of a tract of land.
Pau'per (62) one who is dependent on charity.
Ped'i gree (7) a record of a line of ancestors.
Pelf (139) stolen property.
Pel lu'cid (300) clear.
Pen'sive (226) thoughtful or serious.
Per ceive' (9) to gain knowledge of through the senses; *here*, to see.
Per cep'tions (273) powers of feeling or of gaining knowledge.
Per pet'u al (33) never-ceasing, continuing forever.
Per plexed' (183) confused.
Per sist'ed (169) continued steadily.
Phil o soph'i cal (104) having to do with philosophy, or the science of thinking.
Pick'et ed (149) fastened to stakes or pegs driven into the ground.
Pic tur esque' (143) so vivid as to call up pictures to the mind.
Pip'kin (298) a small earthen pot.
Plain'tiff (37) the one who brings action in a court of law.
Pla toon' (283) a division of an army.
Point-to-point (120) straight.
Pomegranate (pŏm grăn' ăt) (15) a tropical fruit.
Pom' pous (98) showing pride or feelings of self-importance, self-important.
Pon'iard (212) a kind of dagger.
Por'ing (17) reading with great care.
Pos til'ion (270) one who rides one of the front horses of a coach.
Po'tent (211) powerful.
Pound (85) in English money, a note worth about $4.86 in United States money.
Pred e ces'sor (123) one who goes before another.
Pre dic'a ment (156) unfortunate condition.
Pre par'a to ry (204) in preparation for something.
Pre sump'tion (90) reason for believing.
Pre ter nat'u ral (217) more than natural.

Prim i'tive (242) old-fashioned.
Pro di'gious (123) marvelous.
Pro fi'cient (119) skilled, expert.
Pro'file (151) an outline, a side view.
Proj'ects (204) plans.
Prompt (269) to suggest or to cause.
Prone (138) inclined.
Pro pos'al (84) a plan, scheme.
Pros'pect (100) looking forward.
Prow'ess (49) valor and skill in battle.
Pulse (63) the seeds of pod-bearing plants such as the pea or bean.
Punc til'i ous (100) exact.
Pur'sy (98) short-breathed.

Quăg'mire (67) bog or swamp.
Queued (kūd) (275) braided into a plait behind.

Rab'ble-rout (297) a noisy crowd.
Ram'part (188) a broad bank around a place for a fortification.
Ramped (181) advanced with forelegs raised.
Ran'dom (189) without much aim or purpose.
Ran'som (184) to make free by payment of money.
Rap'tures (139) expressions of deep feeling, especially of praise.
Rav'ag es (289) destructions.
Re an'i mate (299) to revive.
Re cess' es (173) remote parts.
Re cit'al (290) a telling of a story.
Reck (189) to care, to take heed.
Rec'om pense (128) to pay, to reward.
Re deem' (130) to gain possession of by fulfilling some obligation.
Re demp'tion (130) the act of gaining possession of by fulfilling a necessary obligation.
Reefs (113) rocks near the surface of the water.
Re flec'tion (80) thought.
Re frained' (63) kept (one's self) from.
Re lieved' (273) cut to make a design stand out from the background.
Re mon'strat ed (289) protested.
Ren'o vat ed (290) made new.
Re paired' (143) betook (themselves).
Re past' (71) a meal.
Rep u ta'tion (89) honor.
Requital (rē kwīt'ăl) (179) punishment.
Re sent'ment (230) feeling of being wronged.
Re sumed' (91) began again.
Re vul'sion (291) sudden change.
Rout (55) a disorderly or confused retreat.
Route (rōōt) (8) a way which is commonly traveled.

Sam'pler (282) a piece of needlework made as a sample of skill.
Sanc'tioned (206) given authority.
Scruff (108) the skin of the back of the neck.
Scru'ti niz ing (259) looking at carefully.
Señor (sā nyōr') (33) a Spanish title of courtesy corresponding to the English Mr.
Sha green' (86) a kind of leather.
Shoals (114) sand banks which make the water shoal or shallow.
Siege (47) a long-continued attack upon a fortified town.
Sin'ews (206) tough cords attached to the muscles.
Slap'jack (266) a flat cake turned on the griddle while cooking.
Sleight (slīt) (221) a trick, skill.
Slo'gan (191) the war cry of a Scottish clan.
Sloop (73) a kind of sailing vessel.
Smol'der ing (117) burning slowly without flame.
Sor'cer ies (181) use of magic power.
Sovereign (sŏv'ĕr ĭn) (184) (*adj.*) supreme, effective; (282) (*noun*) a supreme ruler.
Spec u la'tions (92) thoughts.
Squad'ron (27) a division of an army.

Squire (19) an armor-bearer for a knight.
Stat'ure (205) height of a body.
Stat'utes (273) laws.
Stock ade' (278) an inclosure of stakes or posts set close together, for a fortification.
Strait'ened (291) reduced.
Strand (139) a shore.
Stu'pe fied (135) made unable to think.
Subtly (sŭt'lĭ) (187) skillfully.
Suc'cor (192) relief.
Suf fo ca'tion (231) death caused by lack of air.
Suite (swēt) (166) a company of attendants.
Sun'dry (132) various.
Su perb' (205) grand.
Su per cil'i ous (166) proud, scornful.
Su per flu'i ties (78) things which are not needed.
Su per scrip'tion (132) that which is written on the outside of anything.
Su per sti'tious (143) having a great fear of the unknown or mysterious.
Sure'ty (50) pledge, security.
Sur'name (7) a family name.
Sur veyed' (206) looked at carefully.
Swart (213) dark-colored.
Swerve (38) to turn aside.
Sym'me try (206) right relation of the parts of a thing to each other.

Tacitly (tăs'ĭt lĭ) (150) silently.
Ten'ants (78) those who occupy lands or houses for which they pay rent.
Tex'ture (181) the quality given to cloth by the manner of weaving.
Thews (206) muscles.
Thill (57) a carriage-shaft.
Thor'ough-brace (57) a leather strap supporting the body of a carriage.
Ti'dings (64) news.
To bog'gan (118) a kind of sled made of a thin board or boards curled up at the front.
Tol'er a ble (140) bearable, moderately good.
Train (181) *here*, a trap.
Trained (109) aimed.
Trait (272) a touch.
Trance (187) a state of unnatural sleep; *here*, sleep of the faculties or mind.
Trans ac'tions (89) doings, business.
Trans for ma'tion (181) change of form.
Trans'ports (66) feelings of great joy.
Trans verse'ly (111) in a crosswise direction.
Treach'er y (43) falseness.
Tribunal (trī bū'năl) (33) a court of justice.
Trow (trō) (163) to believe.
Truck (115) a small wooden cap at the top of a flagstaff or masthead, with holes in it for hoisting flag ropes.
Tur'ban (8) a kind of headdress worn by Eastern people.
Tur'bid (157) muddy.

Un daunt'ed (143) not frightened.
Ur'gence (156) (= urgency) a call for immediate attention.

Va'cant (226) *here*, without thought.
Vaudeville (vōd'vĭl) (228) a light musical entertainment.
Vault'ed (131) arched.
Veg'e tat ed (282) led a quiet life like a plant, without doing much more than eat and grow.
Ve'he ment ly (156) with great force.
Vend'ing (76) selling.
Ven er a'tion (42) respect mixed with awe.
Venge' ance (56) punishment in return for an injury.
Ve rac'i ty (65) truth.
Vil'lain (99) a wicked man (here used playfully).
Vis'age (300) face.
Vizier (vĭ zēr') (41) a Turkish or Arabian officer of state.

Vo'cal (235) uttered by the voice.
Vo cif'er ous (270) making a loud outcry.
Vol'un ta ri ly (79) without having been asked or forced.

Wal'let (19) a bag for carrying necessaries on a journey; (133) a pocketbook.
Ward'er (270) a guard.
War'rant (300) (death warrant) an order for a person to be put to death.
Wast'er (179) one who lays waste or brings to ruin.
Weld'ed (220) pressed or beaten into shape, as of the ends of two iron bars.
Whelp (270) a puppy.
Wield'ed (53) used, handled.
Wind'gall (89) a disease of horses.
Wis ta'ri a (228) a climbing shrub having purple or white flowers.
With al' (81) with. (An old-fashioned word.)
Worsted (wo͝os'tĕd) (283) woolen yarn.
Wroth (rôth) (48) angry.
Wrought (56) worked, made, caused; (**upon**) (187) influenced.

Yore (273) olden time.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

[For explanation of these names, see the text and the SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.]

Abdallah (7) äb däl′lȧ
Aberbrothok (105) ăb ẽr brŏ thŏk′
Alhambra (267) ăl hăm′brȧ
Alnaschar (40) ăl năsh′ȧr

Barataria (32) bä rȧ tä′rė̃ ȧ
Bedouins (8) bĕd′o͞o ĭnz
Bethlehem-Judah (125) bĕth′lė̃ hĕm jo͞o′dȧ
Boaz (127) bō′ăz
Briareus (22) brī ā′rė̃ ŭs
Bucephalus (18) bū̃ sĕf′ȧ lŭs

Campbells (192) kăm′ĕls
Cannobie (224) kăn′o̊ bĭ
Cervantes, Miguel de (37) sẽr văn′tēz mė̃ gĕl′ dē
Charlemagne (43) shär′lė̃ mān
Christiania (120) krĭs tĭ ä′nĭ ȧ
Cicons (170) sī′kŏns
Circe (180) sûr′sē
Corlaer (278) kôr′lẽr
Cyclops (172) sī′klŏps

Deborah (83) dĕb′o̊ rȧ
De Vaux (217) dē vō′
Diedrich Knickerbocker (265) dē′drĭk nĭk′ẽr bŏk ẽr
Dryburgh (271) drī′bŭr o̊
Durandal (52) dū răn däl′

Edinburgh (197) ĕd′ʼn bŭr o̊
Elimelech (125) ė̃ lĭm′ė̃ lĕk
Ephraim (94) ē′frā̊ ĭm
Ethiopian (212) ē thĭ ō′pĭ ăn
Eurylochus (180) ū rĭl′o̊ kŭs
Excalibur (220) ĕks kăl′ĭ bŭr

Flamborough (88) flăm′bŭr o̊

Ganelon (44) gä′nĕ lŏn
Garamantes (25) găr ȧ măn′tēz
Gateo (108) gä tā′ō
Græmes (223) grāms

Hades (187) hā′dēz
Hafiz (8) hä′fĭz
Halima (7) hă lē′mȧ
Havelock (195) hăv′lŏk

Iliad (168) ĭl′ĭ ăd
Ithaca (170) ĭth′ȧ kȧ

Kermorvan (116) kẽr môr′vȧn
Kieft (274) kēft
Kinderhoeck (266) kĭn dẽr ho͞ok′
Knipperhausen (292) knĭp′pẽr hou zĕn

Laocoön (113) lā̊ ŏk′o̊ ŏn
Laramie (147) lăr′ȧ mĭ
Lochinvar (222) lŏk ĭn vär′
Lucknow (190) lŭk′nou

Macgregor (191) măk grĕg′ẽr
Mancha (17) män′chä
Mara (126) mā′rä
Marah (108) mā′rä
Marmion (200) mär′mĭ ŏn
Marsile (43) mär sēl′
Mecca (8) mĕk′ȧ
Medina (8) mā̊ dē′nä
Mediterranean (264) mĕd ĭ tẽr ā′nė̃ ăn
Melech Ric (205) mē′lĕk rĭk
Menaska (147) mė̃ nė̃ äs′kä

Moabitess (126) mō′ăb ĭt ĕs
Moslem (195) mŏz′lĕm
Musgraves (223) mŭs′grāvs

Naimes (46) nāms
Naomi (125) nā′o̍ mī
Neville (207) nĕv′ĭl
Norwegian (118) nôr wē′jăn
Nubian (205) nū′bĭ ăn

Odysseus (168) o̍ dĭs′ūs
Odyssey (168) ŏd′ĭ sĭ
Ogallallah (147) ō gȧ lä′lä
Orpah (125) ôr′pä

Polyphemus (172) pŏl ĭ fē′mŭs

Quixada (17) kwĭk zä′dȧ
Quixote (17) kwĭk′so̍t

Ramm Rapelye (285) răm răp′ĕl yĕ
Reynal (140) rā′näl
Risingh (277) rī′sĭng
Roncesvalles (43) rŏn′sĕ văl ĕs
Rozinante (18) rŏz ĭ năn′tē
Rumgudgeon (98) rŭm gŭd′jŭn

Saladin (204) săl′ȧ dĭn
Salcombe (109) săl′kŭm
Salmagundi (264) săl mȧ gŭn′dĭ
Sancho Panza (19) săŋ′kō păn′zȧ
Saracen (43) săr′ȧ sĕn
Saragossa (43) sä rȧ gŏs′ȧ
Sepoy (194) sē′poi
Smyrna (181) smûr′nȧ
Soldan (206) sŏl′dăn
Solway (222) sŏl′wā
Stuyvesant (273) stī′vĕ sănt

Theban (187) thē′băn

Ulysses (168) ū lĭs′ēz

Virgil (273) vûr′jĭl

Walloon (285) wŏ lo͞on′
Waverley (200) wā′vēr lĭ
Wolfert (281) wo͞ol′fērt

Yambo (8) yăm′bo̍

Zobeyde (10) zo̍ bā′dĕ

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